

RAMBLES IN



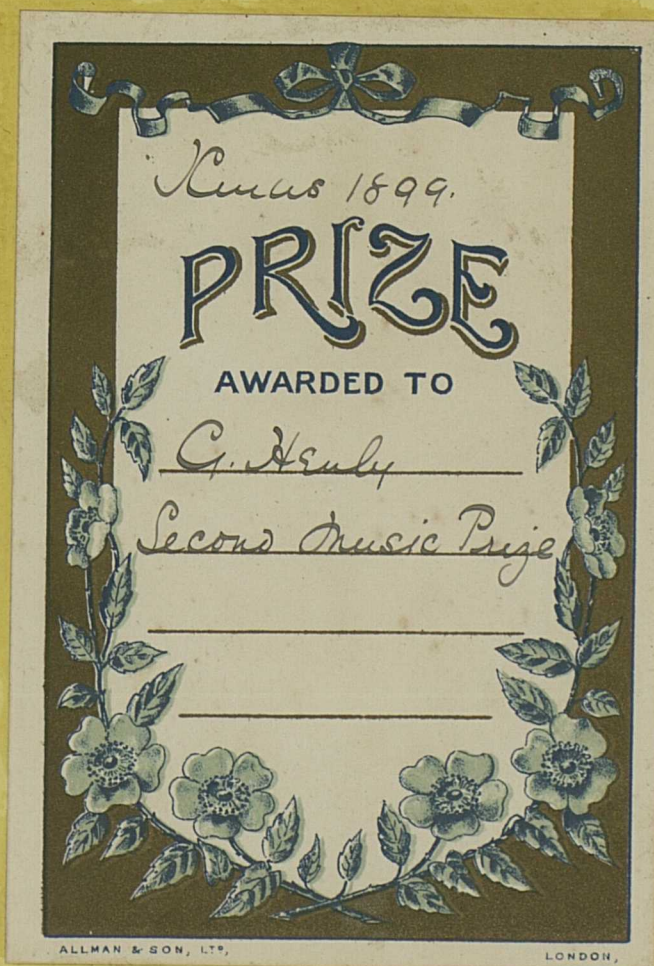
FRANCE & SWITZERLAND



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BN 1708

















W. H. Bartlett.

The Effect by T. Creswick.

T. Jewons.

A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND.







RAMBLES  
IN  
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

BY  
THOMAS ROSCOE AND CYRIL THORNTON, B.A.

*ILLUSTRATED*  
*WITH TWENTY-SEVEN STEEL ENGRAVINGS OF DRAWINGS*  
*BY S. PROUT AND J. D. HARDING.*



LONDON: [ca 1840]  
ALLMAN & SON, 67, NEW OXFORD STREET.

RH 240





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*Drawn by Sam. Hunt.*

*Engraved by J. Rodaway.*

LAUSANNE.  
*Switzerland*









## LAUSANNE.

‘Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and de Staël,—  
Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore,  
Thy shore of names like these ; wert thou no more,  
Their memory thy remembrance would recall !’

BYRON.

LAUSANNE is a neat picturesque town, about eight hours’ drive from Geneva, and is deservedly celebrated for the singular beauty of its situation. The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a summer’s evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond Mount Jura, the Alpine summits reflect for a long time the bright ruddy splendour, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn-fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams.

Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The church is a magnificent Gothic building, and was the cathedral when the country was subject to the dukes of Savoy. It was taken from the house of Savoy by the canton of Bern, under whose dominion it remained for nearly two centuries and a half, until the French revolution altered the whole face of affairs in Europe. Switzerland caught the cry of liberty and equality, and the government



of Bern, which had hitherto been vested in an aristocracy, was transferred to a representative council, chosen by the people.

The inhabitants of Lausanne are Calvinists, although none of that mortifying spirit is discernible which characterizes their brother Presbyterians of Scotland. The only point on which they appear to feel the necessity of a strict observance is the time of divine service on the Sabbath day. Everything then is as quiet and still as though all classes were convinced of the necessity of, at least, an appearance of religious duty, and few persons are seen in the streets, unless on their way to church. But so soon as the services are ended, the day is devoted to gaiety and recreation. As in France, the neighbouring places of amusement are crowded with visitors, and everything exhibits a more than usual appearance of gaiety. Their festivities, however, are conducted on a more moderate scale ; for great attention is paid by the Government to repress the growth of luxury, which, despite the endeavours of the Swiss republicans, is making rapid progress. Many of the foreign residents find it extremely difficult to accommodate their habits to the regulations imposed on the inhabitants, and sometimes incur the penalties awarded in cases of infringement of their sumptuary laws.

Lausanne, in addition to the natural beauties with which it so richly abounds, derives new interest from the associations to which it gives rise.

The house of Gibbon, one of the most attractive objects at Lausanne, is visited by every stranger. To this retreat he retired to complete those great historical labours which have immortalized his name.

During his residence at Lausanne, Gibbon in general devoted the whole of the morning to study, abandoning himself in the evening to the pleasures of conversation, or to the lighter recreation of the card-table. 'By many,' he observes, 'conversation is esteemed as a theatre or a school ; but after the morning has been occupied with the labours of the library, I wish to unbend rather than to exercise my mind, and in the interval between tea and supper I am far from disdaining the innocent amusement of a game at cards.'

Lausanne and Ferney, as the abodes of Voltaire and of Gibbon, have been finely apostrophized by Lord Byron :

‘Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes  
Of names which unto you bequeath’d a name ;  
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,  
A path to perpetuity of fame :—  
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile  
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame  
Of Heaven, again assail’d, if Heaven the while  
On man and man’s research could deign do more than smile.

‘The one was fire and fickleness, a child,  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents : but his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—  
Now to o’erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

‘The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer ;  
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,  
And doom’d him to the zealot’s ready Hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

‘Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,  
If merited, the penalty is paid ;  
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn ;  
The hour must come when such things shall be made  
Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay’d  
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay’d ;  
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
’Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.’

Lausanne and its neighbourhood are also rendered illustrious by their having afforded a residence to Necker and his celebrated daughter. In a country house, near Lausanne, before he removed to Coppet, Necker composed his ‘Treatise on the Administration of the Finances,’ and it was here that Gibbon became acquainted with the ex-minister. At that period Made-

moiselle Necker was only a gay and giddy girl. 'Mademoiselle Necker,' says the historian in a letter to Lord Sheffield, 'one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, with a much greater provision of wit than of beauty.' It does not appear that Gibbon at this time appreciated the talents and the genius which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in the writings and conversation of Madame de Staël. Not unfrequently the Neckers visited the historian in his humble mansion, where the great financier conversed freely with him on the subject of his administration and his fall. Occasionally, also, Gibbon spent a few days with his friends at Coppet, and the correspondence, which has been published, between himself and Madame Necker, proves the very amiable terms on which they stood to one another, and from which, perhaps, the recollection of their youthful attachment did not detract. In visiting the scenes formerly illustrated by the lofty genius and graceful society of Madame de Staël, the traveller will regret that there is no adequate memoir of a person so truly distinguished.

Amongst the literary associations which Lausanne affords, it must not be forgotten that it was the last residence of that very amiable and highly accomplished man, John Philip Kemble.

A few miles distant from Lausanne is the small town of Vevay, a place which, like a thousand other places near it, is associated with the recollection of Rousseau, one of the most singular and highly-gifted men of modern times, who has peopled these beautiful regions with the undying offspring of his own imagination.

The house in which Rousseau resided is agreeably situated in a valley surrounded with mountains; but the garden to which he alludes in his 'Confessions' as having cultivated with his own hands, is now no longer to be traced.









*Drawn by Sam. J. Prent.*

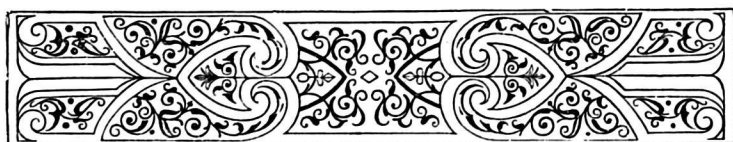
*Engraved by J. B. Allen.*

BRIDGE OF ST MAURICE.

*Switzerland.*







### ST. MAURICE.

‘There is an air which oft among the rocks  
Of his own native land, at evening hour,  
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks.  
Oh, every note of it would thrill his mind  
With tenderest thoughts, and bring around his knees  
The rosy children whom he left behind,  
And fill each little angel eye  
With speaking tears that ask him why  
He wander’d from his hut to scenes like these.  
Vain, vain is then the trumpet’s brazen roar,  
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears ;  
And the stern eyes that look’d for blood before  
Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears.’

MOORE.

It will be necessary that the tourist should penetrate a considerable distance into Switzerland before he can form a correct judgment of the varieties of Swiss scenery, and more particularly of Swiss character. The inhabitants of Geneva and Lausanne can hardly be termed Switzers, in the true sense of the word ; so mixed are they with foreigners, and their habits and manners so imbued with foreign association. The character of the sturdy Swiss can scarcely be recognised among the pliant graces of more polished nations. As the traveller posts from town to town in the interior, or rambles with more humility, but with far greater pleasure, from village to hamlet, he will soon discover the marked superiority of the hardy Swiss peasant over the effeminate inhabitant of the city.

Notwithstanding the desire of gain which so frequently induces them to quit their native hills and valleys in quest of foreign adventure, the Swiss are remarkable for attachment to their country ; and after a life spent in hardship and toil, they rarely

fail to return with their hard-earned gains to pass the evening of their existence in their native canton. There are few who do not die there. The secret and powerful impulse that sends them abroad to seek their fortune never fails to reunite them at last. Even when absent from their homes for years, their earlier recollections are liable to be awakened by the most minute circumstance. In the French armies, the air of the 'Ranz des Vaches,' sung by the Swiss cowherds and milkmaids, was forbidden to be played; the recollections of home which the music created melting the hardy Swiss soldier to tears, and invariably producing desertion.

Pasturage is the chief produce of a Swiss farm. Early in the summer the cattle leave the valleys, and are conducted by the cowherds to the accessible parts of the mountains, while as the snow disappears, they gradually ascend, thus following the productions of nature which are continually springing to life as they proceed. Those who have the care of the cows generally account to the owners for the proceeds, or pay a certain sum for what they can make. A considerable number of swine are supported by the herds of cows, and thus form another source of profit.

The road to St. Maurice, after leaving the lake of Geneva, continues along the banks of the Rhone, whose majestic waters glide rapidly along in their course to the lake, shaded by the exuberant foliage of beech and walnut-trees, and rendered picturesque by masses of rocks which rise from its banks. The town is approached by a magnificent stone bridge, which crosses the Rhone where it is very deep and rapid. It is two hundred feet long, and consists of a single arch, having on each side for its foundation an immense rock, which rises on the banks of the river, forming gigantic abutments, known by the familiar name of the Dent de Morcles and the Dent du Midi. This bridge, independently of its situation, boasts the ancient and honourable distinction of having Julius Cæsar for its founder. At one end is a tower, which is now a chapel, and at the other is an ancient castle, through which the road has been made to St. Maurice.—The plate will be found to afford a faithful representation of it.

The town of St. Maurice is singularly wild and beautiful. It is situated at the base of a line of rocks, many of which are



formed into complete habitations, and almost always form part of the houses of the inhabitants. At a short distance from the town is a spot rendered interesting by tradition as the scene of the massacre of six thousand soldiers, called the Theban Legion, by order of Maximian, for their stubborn adherence to the Christian faith.

The Abbey of St. Maurice, which yet exists, was founded in commemoration of the supposed event, by Sigismund King of Burgundy, as a catholic atonement for the crimes of fratricide, and the murder of half his family.

Near St. Maurice is the celebrated valley of Chamouni, which, with Mont Blanc and its glaciers, and the still more wonderful Mer de Glace, are the most surprising natural curiosities ever witnessed in this or in any other country.

This extraordinary valley, strange as it may appear, was wholly unknown to the inhabitants of the country till the year 1741, when it was *discovered* by two adventurous English travellers, who explored the valley, ascended the Montanvert to the Mer de Glace, penetrating those recesses where the human voice was never before heard, and treading the paths before unvisited, except by the chamois and by the goat of the rocks. It was a singular instance of enterprise, and it deserves to be recorded, that although within eighteen leagues of the city of Geneva, it was reserved for the adventure and courage of Englishmen to disclose to the world the hidden wonders of the Alps. An immense block of granite on the Montanvert, on which the adventurous travellers dined, is called, to this day, '*La pierre des Anglais.*'

The valley of Chamouni is about a mile wide. The base of Mont Blanc forms its southern wall, and Mont Brevent, followed by a long chain of hills, is on the opposite side.

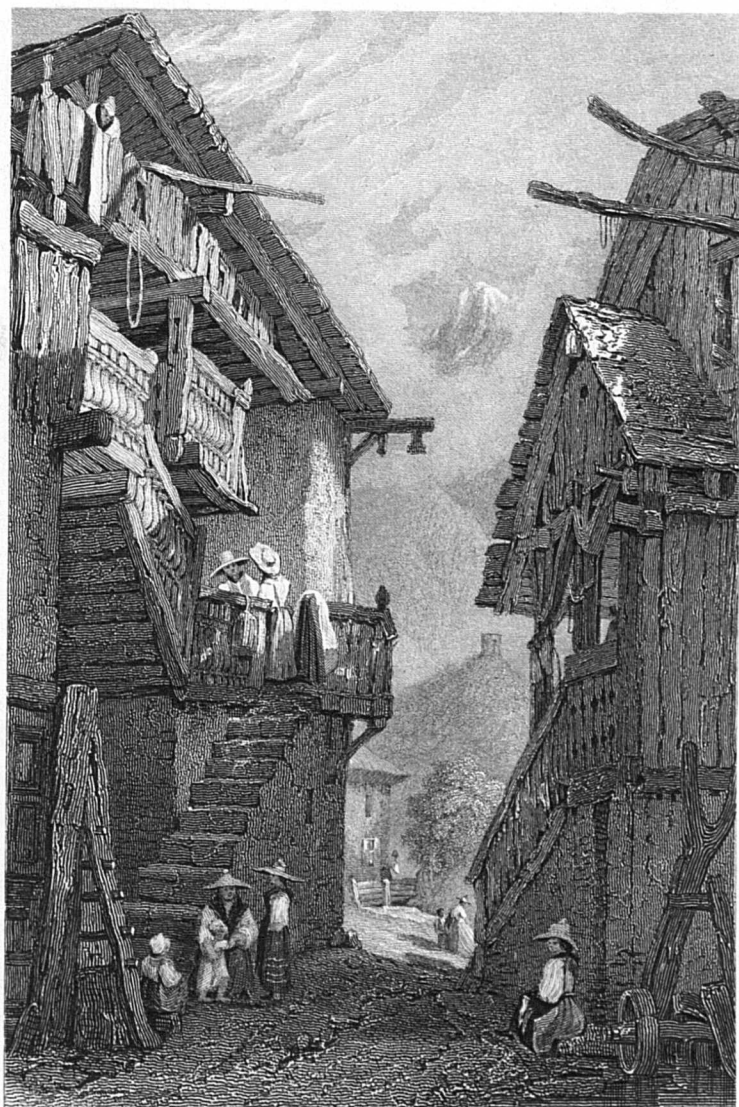
The first view on entering the valley is unique and wonderful. The monarch of mountains on the one side, raising his majestic head, and overlooking the world, whose successive ages and changes he has quietly witnessed; the gloomy forests that clothe the base, partly borne down and intersected by immense glaciers, which slowly but irresistibly force their way from the accumulated pressure of snow, and seem like a skirting drapery to the mountain, of dazzling whiteness; the bursting torrents which force

their way through immense fragments of other worlds ; and the contrast which these sublime monuments afford to the beautiful and verdant clothing of the smiling valley are all justly calculated to inspire the mind with the most vivid and lofty conception of the works of that great Architect, in comparison with which all efforts of human skill betray their feeble origin and sink into insignificance. The tourist who would wish to view Mont Blanc in all its grandeur must ascend Mont Brevent on the opposite side. He will then, standing at about half the elevation of Mont Blanc, be fully impressed with the magnitude of the greatest mountain in Europe. By looking upwards from the valley it scarcely seems higher than its compeers, but from Mont Brevent its superiority becomes awfully conspicuous.

To visit the Mer de Glace it is necessary to make the ascent of Montanvert, which will amply repay the traveller for his pains. The first object in the ascent that requires notice is the little fountain called Le Caillet, from which elevation the view is imposing beyond description. The noisy torrent of the Arve, that foams along in the plain beneath, looks like the smallest rivulet ; and everything which before appeared stupendous is now dwindled into miniature insignificance, except the mighty mountain, whose grandeur no height that man is able to attain can diminish. The path then becomes more difficult as far as the Hôpital de Blair, built by an English gentleman of that name, when the Mer de Glace presents itself. The appearance of this vast mass of ice is so wonderful, that the only idea which at all does justice to it is that of a celebrated traveller, who describes it as a tempestuous ocean whose towering waves have been suddenly rendered motionless by an all-powerful hand, and converted into solid masses of crystal.

To descend to the margin of this frozen sea there is a path bordered by rhododendrons, which has been constructed for the purpose. The waves, which appear comparatively small from Montanvert, on a nearer inspection are found to be about twenty feet high, and in walking on the surface care must be taken of the chasms which everywhere present themselves, ready to engulf the unwary traveller. The effect, however, is lost on a near approach, and appear best from a distance, where the whole expanse can be viewed.





*Drawn by Saml. Prout.*

*Engraved by J. T. Willmore.*

SWISS COTTAGE, LAVEY.  
*Switzerland.*









## LAVEY.

‘ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast ;  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar  
But bind him to his native mountains more.’

GOLDSMITH.

NEAR the town of St. Maurice, on the road to Martigny, stands the small sequestered hamlet of Lavey. If the taste of the traveller lead him to enjoy the quiet and unobtrusive beauties of village scenery, he will not fail to recognise this spot with delight. An appearance of delicious calmness, of deeply harmonized repose, pervades this enchanting retreat, and is in admirable keeping with the tranquil hour of evening, and the modified beauty of the whole scenery around.

The habitations likewise bear an appearance so perfectly primitive that one might, with reason, believe their architecture had known no alteration since the time when houses were constructed with no other earthly view than that of shelter. Yet, although we entirely acquit the rustic architect of any variety in the design, a Swiss cottage is an exceedingly picturesque object. The heavy projecting roof, independent of all rule or order, but constructed solely as a defence from the weather; the staircases and communications to the interior, which are all from without; the staircases themselves, with their massy balustrades, containing as much timber as would build a moderate-sized house, and the air of rude but substantial comfort which pervades many of these dwellings, harmonize with the rural scenery, and by no means make us regret the absence of more stately mansions.

Indeed, whether it be from a sort of prejudice, or that the eye becomes accustomed to these irregular habitations, any other building would appear strangely out of place; and however such an improvement, or rather change, might argue a step in civilization, it would certainly destroy one of the most picturesque features of the country.

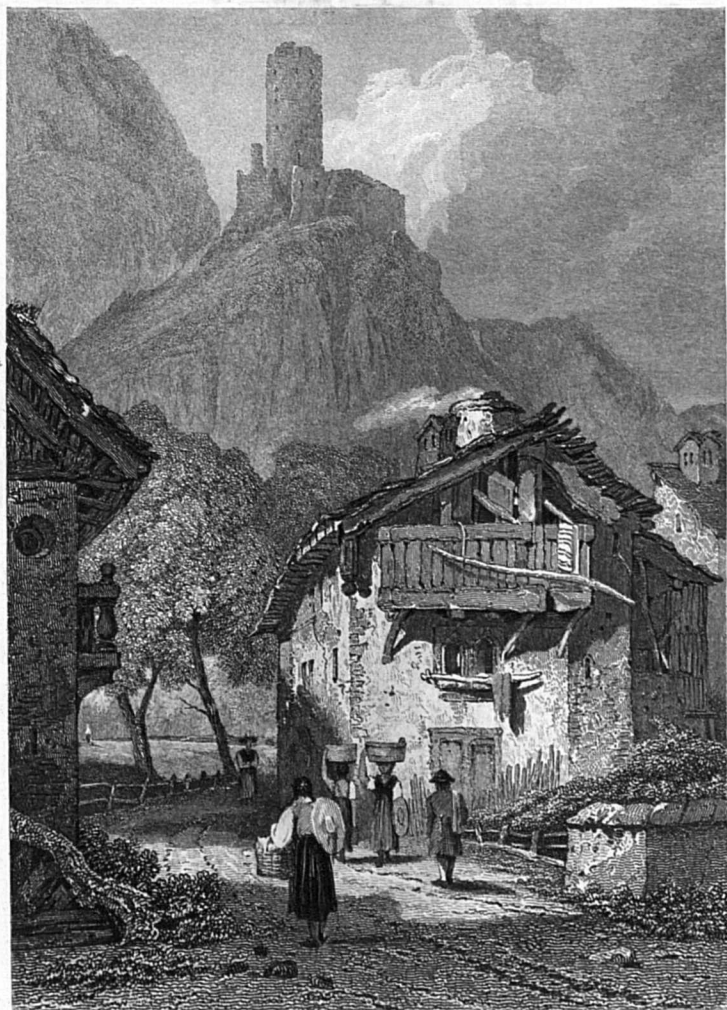
It was on a calm summer's evening that our party entered the village of Lavey; not a breath seemed to disturb the repose that reigned around. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and had marked his retreat by gilding their summits with a long and brilliant line of golden light. The rural inhabitants were seen gathering in small groups on the staircases of their dwellings, enjoying the beauty of the evening, and indulging in an hour of social converse after the labours of the day. It was a scene for the pen of Goldsmith, and we were pleasingly reminded how he had succeeded in throwing such an air of quiet beauty over his poem of the 'Village.'

At some little distance from the spot, a short way up the mountain, was seen a group of these happy beings, who, as it were, to welcome our arrival, struck up a wild but pleasing melody. It was a true Swiss air, and the voices which were attuned in perfect time and harmony, mellowed by the distance, sounded inexpressibly sweet, and they died away in a soft and plaintive murmur. The undisturbed serenity which prevailed might tend to hush even a troubled mind into comparative calm and forgetfulness; and the tranquil satisfaction expressed in the honest countenances of these untutored villagers made us fancy that here we had at length found one earthly hour of rest, one favourite retreat of happiness and contentment.





THE CONTINENTAL TOURIST,  
*Views of Cities and Scenery*  
 IN  
 ITALY, FRANCE & SWITZERLAND.



*Drawn by Saml. Proux.*

*Engraved by J. T. Willmore.*

MARTIGNY.  
*Switzerland.*









## MARTIGNY.

‘ Night was again descending, when my mule,  
That all day long had climb’d among the clouds,  
Stopp’d, to our mutual joy, at that low door  
So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard ;  
That door which ever on its hinges moved  
To them that knock’d, and nightly sends abroad  
Ministering spirits.’

ROGERS.

THE first object that presents itself worthy notice on quitting Lavey is the celebrated waterfall of Pissevache. It is situated on the high-road, about three miles from Martigny, and well deserves the reputation it has acquired for beauty and sublimity. There are many cascades of greater pretensions, having a larger body of water, or a higher fall, but none can be more truly beautiful.

Situated by the road-side, and consequently easy of access, it may be on that account undervalued, as there is a perverse kind of charm attending those sights which give rise to any unusual difficulty or danger. To those who are satisfied with beholding it from a carriage-window, without the slightest risk or hazard, wishing for no perilous adventure to recount ‘by flood or field,’ it will ever be a scene of the greatest attraction, and must be considered one of the most beautiful objects in the country. It is formed by the river Sallenche falling over a perpendicular height of upwards of 200 feet into the valley below. The effect produced by a first visit is invariably striking. The wild murmur of the breaking waters making perpetual music ; the sparkling foam illumined in the rays of the sun, glittering like broken pieces of burnished gold, and falling in a thousand varied shapes ; the

stillness of the solitude by which it is encompassed ; the beautiful disorder of the scenery ; large rocks scattered around, torn from their foundations by time and tempest ; the little white romantic dwellings peeping from amongst the verdant foliage in spots apparently inaccessible to all but the goats of the mountains, leave nothing even for the imagination to desire.

The charm produced by the scenery of the cascade continues as the traveller pursues his route, but it vanishes on arriving at Martigny. The feeling of delight which the tourist naturally experiences on viewing the most beautiful works of Nature, subsides on approaching the scene of one of her most awful visitations. Martigny is the ancient Octodurum of the Romans. It is encircled by high mountains, and is divided by the river Dranse, which falls into the Rhone. There are direct roads from this place to the valley of Chamouni, and likewise to the Great St. Bernard, into Italy.

This once considerable and prosperous town now offers but a ruinous appearance when compared with its former opulence, owing to the dreadful calamity it suffered some years since by a terrific inundation of the Dranse. Since that awful event, indeed, some of the inhabitants, aided by considerable voluntary donations, have courageously endeavoured to remedy the sad effects produced at that calamitous period, yet the vast extent of injury is even yet far from being repaired.

Nothing could surpass the sublime yet terrific spectacle of this inundation ; it was as awful in its progress and disastrous in its effects as the appalling commotion of an earthquake.

The river Dranse, which divides Martigny, though in the summer a small and insignificant stream, becomes in the spring, when the snow melts on the mountains, swollen into a formidable torrent. It is in fact the outlet to the water which is formed by the many glaciers which appear in succession from Mont Blanc to the Rhone. The accumulation of waters which caused the inundation was not known for a considerable time, until some of the inhabitants of the valley remarked the unusual appearance of the stream, which continued trickling along without augmentation, although the snows had begun to melt.

Several people went to the source to ascertain the cause, and found to their dismay that a vast quantity of ice, having accumulated from the glacier of Gétroz, had fallen across the upper part of the valley, and formed a vast lake, into which the Dranse flowed, secured from outlet by the artificial embankment, Anxiety and alarm spread throughout the country, and active measures were adopted to guard against the danger already apprehended to be at hand.

It was proposed to cut a gallery through the immense wall of ice, and drain the lake gradually. The plan was adopted, and with great labour and difficulty it was eventually accomplished. Had the embankment lasted a few days longer, the whole mass of water would have found its way through this gallery into the Rhone; but shortly after the work was completed, fearful detonations were heard, and vast pieces of ice were seen floating on the lake, which had been loosened from the foundation of the dyke. Notice was speedily sent on all sides of the impending danger, the water began to rush in considerable quantities from beneath the ice, and a crisis was every moment dreaded.

At length, late one afternoon, a thundering explosion was heard. Reverberating through the surrounding hills, it bore the fearful tidings an immense distance, scattering dismay and terror amongst the trembling inhabitants. The dyke had burst; and the gigantic lakes of imprisoned water rushed from their confinement with headlong fury, forming a prodigious torrent a hundred feet deep, and sweeping along at a rapid rate of twenty miles an hour. A huge forest, which lay across its track, was not proof against the strength of the waters; large trees were rooted up as though they had been osier wands, and borne away like floating branches in its tide.

In this manner the inundation soon reached Bagne, offering to the view of the astonished and affrighted people a stupendous mountain, composed of the ruins of all that the waters had gathered in their progress—forests, rocks, houses, cattle, and immense masses of ice, shooting into the clouds a column of dense and heavy fog. The overwhelming deluge, thundering down in one promiscuous and unearthly roar, now sped towards Martigny,

having compassed a distance of above fifteen miles in less than an hour. At length it burst on that ill-fated town, producing a scene of the most awful destruction. Half the place was immediately swept away, and the remaining part was covered with ruins.

At least thirty persons perished, a comparatively small number, owing to the inhabitants having been taught to expect some catastrophe at hand, and having provided against the danger by flight.

It is supposed that this has not been the first disaster of the kind which has occurred at Martigny, but that a similar calamity happened in the year 1595. There is a beam yet existing in the ceiling of a house in that town, which bears the following singular initial inscription: 'M. O. F. F. 1595, L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. D. G. ;' which has been thus ingeniously explained: 'Monsieur Olliot Fit-Faire, 1595, Lors Que Bagne Fut Inondé Par Le Glacier De Gétroz.'

It is calculated that if the gallery had not been opened in the embankment of ice, by which means the body of water was materially lessened, the whole of the lower part of the Valais would have been included in the catastrophe. The survivors of this dreadful calamity were hardly to be congratulated on their escape, for on returning it was a matter of difficulty to trace even the site of many of the houses, and the cultivated fields and vineyards were covered with gravel and rubbish of every description, rendering them totally unfit for future cultivation.







*Drawn by Sam. Prout.*

*Engraved by R. Brandard.*

VILLAGE OF VIEGE OR VISP.

*Switzerland.*









## VIÈGE.

‘ Qui non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,  
Ma in loro vece un’ abete, un faggio, un pino  
Tra l’ erba verde e ’l bel monte vicino  
Levan di terra al ciel nostr’ intelletto.’

PETRARCA.

In the valley of the Rhone, at a short distance from Sion, flows the river Morges, which separates the district into what is called the Haut and Bas Valais. There is a marked difference between the inhabitants of these two portions of the same district. The former are an industrious people; simple and inoffensive in their manners, strong and healthful in their persons, and of comely appearance. The latter are squalid and wretched, frightfully deformed with the goitrous swelling, and many of them more or less affected with *cretinism*. Previous to the French revolution, the people of the low Valais were subjects of the upper, having in earlier times been conquered from the Dukes of Savoy. In the alteration which Europe has undergone of late years, the two people have become fellow-subjects to the same league, and are now on a perfect equality with each other, apparently with no ill feeling caused by the recollection of their former respective situations.

In this part of Switzerland there is little to attract the attention of the curious: it only claims a share of notice, being the thoroughfare into Italy by the passage of Mont Simplon. On the high-road is the village of Sierre, one of the prettiest places in the district, but on no other account deserving attention. The Col de la Gemmi with its frozen summit next rises to view, and at its base is seen a magnificent cataract, the picturesque appearance of which is very much heightened by a dark forest of pines through which it takes its foaming course towards the Rhone.

The passage of the Gemmi is one of the most extraordinary of the Alps. Although attended with some little difficulty and danger, the traveller, by traversing it, may reach the interior of Switzerland in a few hours, which by the regular road would make a distance of two hundred miles. The people of the Valais in 1799 defended this passage against the French, who adopted every means to force them, but without success. Had not their Austrian allies induced them to abandon their own tactics for those of a more legitimate but less successful nature, their country would not so soon have fallen a sacrifice to their invaders. Beyond this are the celebrated baths of the Leuk. They are approached by a narrow path, cut out of the rock in many places, by the side of the mountain, and are 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. On observing the many little villages and habitations perched among the mountains, apparently inaccessible to all but the goats, it would be difficult to pronounce any path impracticable to the hardy mountaineer. There is a village near the baths which is approached by a passage called the *Chemin d'Echelles*: eight successive ladders over precipices lead to this singular abode, which the inhabitants are in the habit of traversing at all hours without any difficulty, and utterly unconscious of danger. Some distance beyond this is shown the village and castle of Raren: they formerly belonged to powerful barons of that name, some of whom were captain-generals of the Valais. A curious instance of insurrection is related of the people of the Valais against one of the former lords of this domain, named Wischard: they were animated by a strong feeling of resentment against him, doubtless from some aggravated case of feudal exaction, and determined on revenge. A party of young men having concerted their measures, went about from hamlet to village, carrying with them a large wooden club, shaped at one end like a man's head, and invited every one to join the feud by driving a nail into the head, which signified an intention to become a party in the expedition. This species of proceeding against an individual who had incurred the displeasure of the people, was called *La Matza*, probably from the club or mace which they carried with them. A very considerable number soon joined against the obnoxious

baron, who was at last forced to fly, having been obliged to witness the destruction of his castles and the confiscation of his estates. On the road to Brieg, which is the last town in Switzerland, is seen the small village of Viège or Visp, remarkable for two churches of singular architecture which well deserve inspection. It is situated on the banks of the river Visp, which is of great depth and rapidity, and scarcely inferior to the Rhone. Over it rises the towering summit of Mount Rose, which forms one of the chain of Alps, and is considered nearly as high as Mont Blanc. Travellers usually proceed to Brieg and remain there the night previously to the ascent of the Simplon. Glyss is the regular post-town, but Brieg is generally preferred. In the chapel at Glyss, is a picture of George de Supersax and his wife, with their twelve sons and eleven daughters, with the following inscription :

‘ En l’honneur de Sainte Anne,  
George de Supersax, soldat,  
A fondé cette chapelle l’an de grace, 1519,  
A élevé un autel, et l’a enrichi  
En reconnoissance des *vingt-trois enfans*  
Qui son épouse Marguerite lui a donnée.’





## CLERMONT-FERRAND,

NEAR CLERMONT.

‘Unfold, father Time, thy long records unfold,  
Of noblest achievements accomplished of old.’

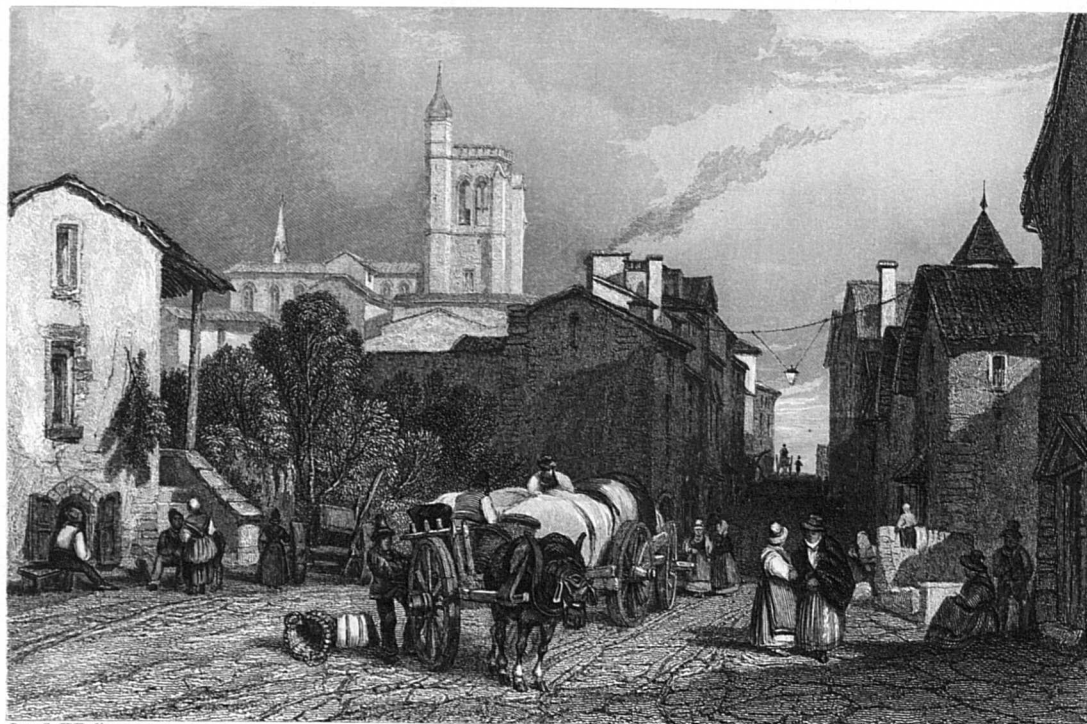
ROSCOE—*Song to France.*

THE antique and picturesque-looking town of Clermont-Ferrand, as it is represented in its most peculiar and varied features in the preceding plate, is situated in one of the most delightful spots of the Limagne. It occupies part of a plain of great extent, exceedingly rich and fertile, celebrated at once for its beauty and the excellence of its agricultural productions; while in the rarer ornament of foliage it is, for these districts, comparatively abundant. In this respect Clermont-Ferrand presents a singular contrast to the barren appearance of the surrounding acclivities and cone-shaped hills; which, however deprived of verdure, present nevertheless numerous objects of interest and curiosity. To the bold pedestrian, indeed, or a genuine exploring party, the whole surrounding country will be found to supply ample matters for investigation, in its curious caverns, petrifying wells, warm springs, waters gushing from the rocks and sweeping over the heights in a variety of falls. It would seem as if here, at least, Nature in some capricious moment had mingled together as many natural phenomena as she could well collect, in order to charm and astonish the eye; yet with all her freaks, sought to have preserved the economical and productive plan of an ingenious artisan, giving to ornament only the parts that would serve no other purpose, and, amid all her miracles of skill, avoiding to encroach upon the fertility and abundance of her children's soil.









*Drawn by J.D. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. Z. Scher.*

CLERMONT-FERRAND.

*France.*



This union of the useful and decorative is a singular feature of the surrounding spots ; and a stranger might devote not only hours, but entire days, to their contemplation—whether a mere lover of landscape, or in pursuit of history or science, without finding the moments hang heavily on his hands. For a particular account, however, of these natural curiosities, often presenting singular and even sublime contrasts in their character, we must be content to refer the reader to the old descriptions, or what are termed ‘histories,’ of places once so famed as Mont-Ferrand, Clermont, Polignac, and Le Puy.

The name of the little town of Clermont-Ferrand, formerly Mont-Ferrand, was derived from its junction with the suburbs of Clermont, the centre of which is situated at somewhat less than a league distant. Mont-Ferrand is the ancient capital of Auvergne, and to this day holds the rank of head of the department in the district of Puy-de-Dôme. Its site was formerly commanded by the feudal castle belonging to the old counts of Auvergne, constituting one of their strongholds of war, insomuch that it has become proverbial in the neighbourhood to say, *Mont-Ferrand le Fort*. In the feudal days this immense district was shared by two great rival possessors, the count and the dauphin ; and Mont-Ferrand subsequently fell to the power of the latter. Both these petty sovereigns scarcely deigned to own allegiance to the king, although they had obtained their dominion by marriage alliances with the ancient house of Beaujeu ; and it was from Louis of Beaujeu that Philip le Bel, in 1292, acquired the town and seignory of Mont-Ferrand, which then bore the title of county, and it subsequently continued united to the crown, along with the duchy of Auvergne. Formerly within its precincts was held a court of aids, but this court was transferred by Louis XIV. to the town of Clermont. Among the most illustrious of its chieftains was Conrad, Marquis of Mont-Ferrand, who greatly distinguished himself under the banners of the early Crusaders. By his promptness and gallantry, he not only repelled the enemy, but through his individual skill and valour rescued the town of Tyre, and its dependencies, when given over for lost. The name of a marchioness of Mont-Ferrand is also connected with French

history. As a curious instance of the distress to which Charles VIII. was reduced for the payment of his army, on the invasion of Italy, it is mentioned, that on arriving at Casal he borrowed the jewels of the marchioness, which, together with those he took in pawn from the Duchess of Savoy, were placed as a deposit in the bank of Genoa. The sum Charles obtained upon each is stated to have amounted to 12,000 ducats.

Approaching the more important town of Clermont, seated at the foot of Mount Gergovia—and from this circumstance laying claim to be considered the ancient Gergovia, with better show of reason than Moulins, which can boast, however, a more endearing fame in the gentle Maria of our sentimental tourist—the first objects which present themselves are some curious springs and fountains of the nature already alluded to. At the suburbs of Saint Allire, within the precincts of the old abbey of that name, is one in particular, the waters of which have the property of petrifying any substance with which they come in contact, or rather incrust it with a calcareous sediment, which gives to it the appearance of stone. An instance occurred in placing a plank of wood, for a bridge, across the widest part of the fountain, when the waters, reaching the wood, quickly invested it with the same hard substance, and at length deposited portions of lava and other foreign materials; thus, in time, forming an immense wall rather than a bridge, extending to two hundred feet in length, twelve in width, and sixteen in height on the more elevated side of the declivity, while on the other it appeared to issue from the ground. Nor is this the only fountain of the kind; there are many others at Clermont, offering similar or yet stranger phenomena. The virtuosi are known to bring thither their birds, or snakes, or fruits of various kinds, and more especially grapes, all of which they fish out again precisely in their former shapes, but apparently changed into solid stone. Yet it is stated, as a proof that the waters simply envelop without actually petrifying objects, that, in case of large animals being submitted to the process, they become corrupted before they contract this singular incrustation. The calcareous matter, deposited after the evaporation of the water and the expulsion of the fixed air, is applied to several

useful purposes. The yellow-coloured pavement in the Rue des Eaux is formed, for the chief part, of these mineral sediments converted into stone. This, combined with the lava, gives a sombre air to the streets and houses, among which last the ancient college of the Jesuits may be considered not the least remarkable. Next, in point of novelty, ranks the corn-market, constructed of four fronts ; several noble promenades in the vicinity, the Place of le Poterne, and in particular that of the Taureau, are calculated also to attract the eye of the stranger. The streets, if we except that of des Gras, are narrow, rendered more remarkable by the imposing appearance of the cathedral, of which the towers bear considerable resemblance, except that they are erected on the sides instead of the front, to those of Notre Dame, at Paris. Still more interesting in the eye of a stranger is the noble fountain, built like a pyramid ; a small theatre, handsomely decorated ; add to which several very active manufactories, and none more highly extolled by the travelling gourmand than those of the Clermont *pâtés*, made of fruit or fish ; and the cheese, no less famous, from the meadows of Auvergne and Mont d'Or.





### APPROACH TO ROYAT.

‘Monument qui transmet à la postérité  
Et leur magnificence et leur férocité.’

LE FRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

‘Et ce jardin de la France  
Méritait un tel canal.’

LA FONTAINE.

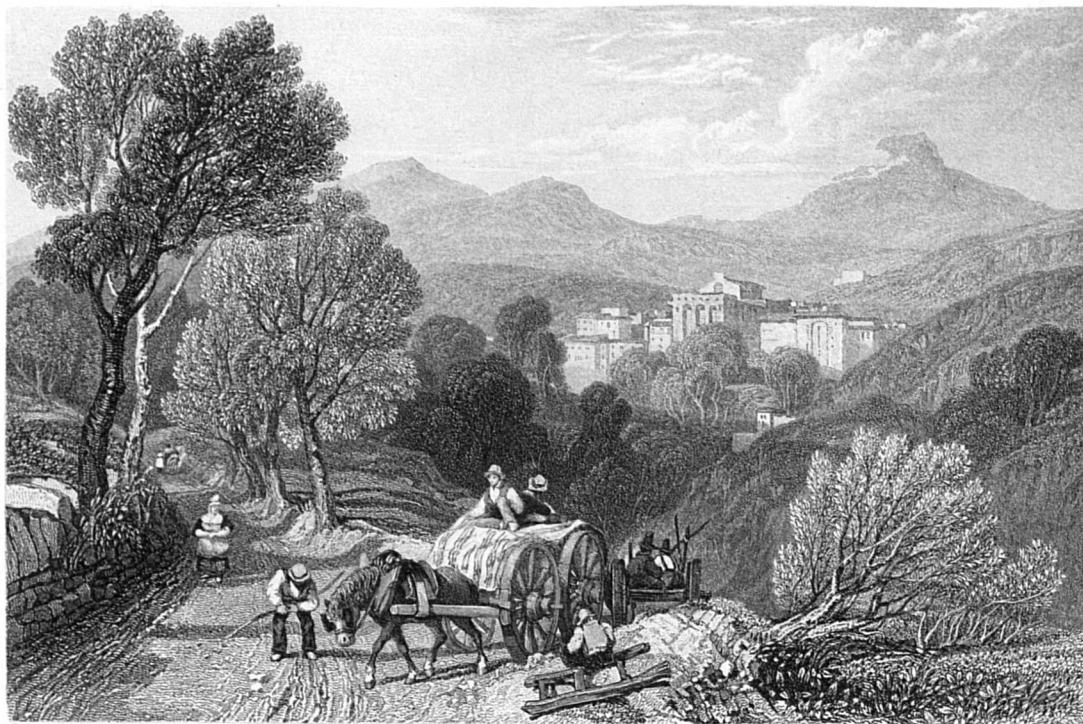
At less than a league from Clermont stands the old romantic village of Royat. The road to this place lies through a succession of the most agreeable scenes, vineyards, gardens, and orchard grounds, presenting continually a luxurious interchange of every species of foliage. About half-way between the two places, the tourist is attracted from his path by the lovely villa which smiles from the brow of Mont Joli, and in whose refreshing shades, not without some objects of natural curiosity, he may well let the noonday sun pass over his head. From this spot the road leads him under an uninterrupted line of wide-spreading hazels, and every kind of fruit trees; while along the depth of the valley, which he now finds increasing in beauty every step he sets, runs a clear deep brook, the waters of which have made their way over the rocks, and refresh the ear with their murmurs, as much as the eye with their freshness.

Royat itself is singularly situated in the very gorge of two mountains, and its foundation rests on huge basalt rocks, which some convulsion of nature, or the action of subterranean waters, has broken into the most fantastic shapes. At the first aspect, therefore, which it presents, the stranger forms no flattering opinion either of its comforts or of its security; but his ideas are soon changed when, on approaching more nearly, he sees it sur-









*Drawn by J. D. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. C. Tardieu.*

APPROACH TO ROYAT.

*France.*



rounded by gardens the most fruitful, its little valleys irrigated by springs of delicious water, and the darkest of its shades concealing within their dense verdure every beauty of unrestrained vegetation. The fountains of Clermont are supplied with water from the streams which have their source in the high grounds of this neighbourhood; but a large body of water is still left to pour unrestrainedly down seven rocky channels into a wide, deep basin, or volcanic grotto. Over this receptacle of the stream frowns the basalt precipices, their sides presenting the wildest and most grotesque forms, and the summit crowned with the thick branches of the arbutus.

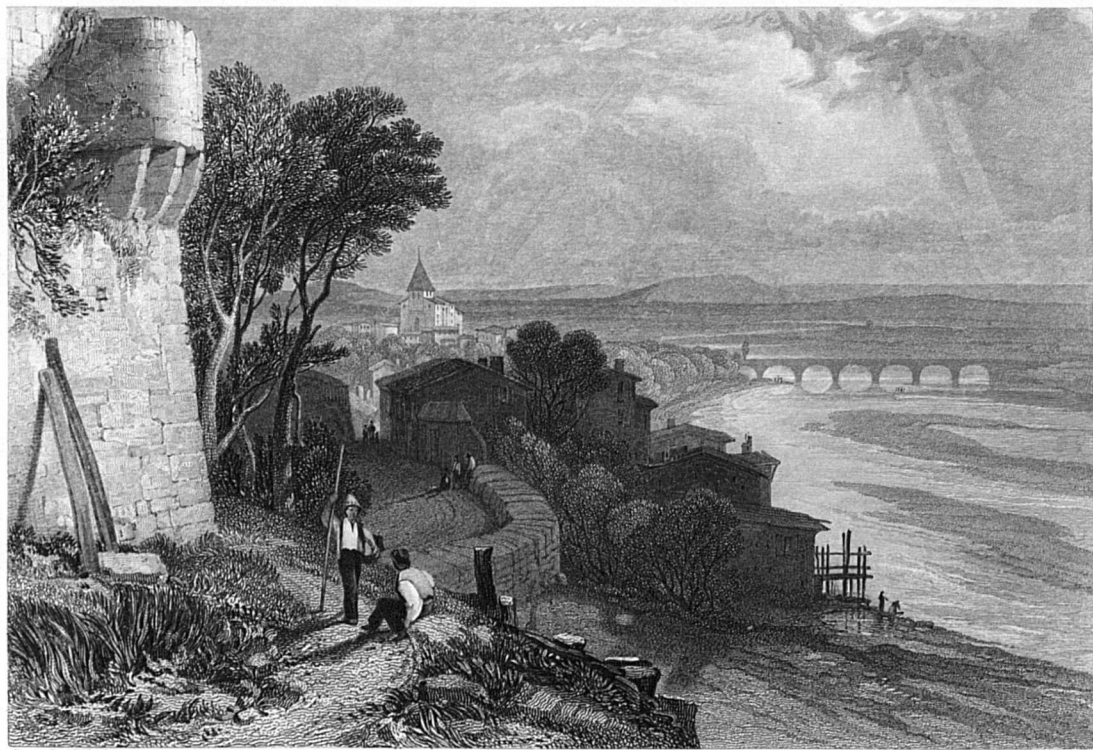
All around this spot looks strange and obscure, having a wild and almost savage air, wonderfully contrasting with the more mild and subdued character of the scenery near it. The colour of the rocks, the darkness of the foliage, the depth and gloominess of the waters, as they lie hushed in the bottom of the cavern, give to the whole view a mystic sombreness which steals upon the mind, even when resisting such impressions, absorbing the beholder in many a fanciful speculation. To add to these real attractions of the place, the inhabitants have not scrupled to supply others out of the abundant storehouse of tradition. 'It was here,' say they, 'that Cæsar had his granaries when in this part of Gaul;' and digging some little depth below the surface of the ground, they show a species of burnt corn, which, it is believed, has remained in that state since some large granary fell a prey to the flames in the days of the celebrated conqueror.

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more picturesque than that occupied by the village of Royat, as it appears on the first view which presents itself to the tourist's eye after leaving Clermont. As the ground selected for its site was extremely rugged, the buildings are for the most part unequal and detached from each other; but one of the principal features by which they are distinguished is that which now forms the church, but was anciently a considerable castle, of which evident traces yet remain. Below the village lies a ravine, down which a mountain torrent, which acquires additional force in its descent from a stream issuing from the rock immediately under the castle, pursues its

headlong course. Still lower down the effect of this remarkable feature is considerably improved by a natural arch, which has been formed by the force and rapidity of these combined streams, which thus appear as if emerging from a subterranean cavern. The rocks on all sides are covered with foliage; and, taken in the *tout ensemble*, this is one of the most delightful and verdant spots in the general waste of volcanic mountains which throw their dark shadows over the vicinity. The hill seen on the right in the accompanying view is the famed Puy-de-Dôme, with flat bare summit—broad and of a massy cone-shape, and which gives its name, also, to a department.

The tourist sees little in the village itself to attract his attention, with the exception of the church, which is ancient, and has an altar of two stories, one above the other. But he has an ample equivalent for antiquities and wonders in the lovely scenery through which his journey still leads him, by whichever route he leaves the village of Royat. If he delights in the noble spectacle of mountains, he will traverse the road to the Puy-de-Dôme; if the refreshing calm of verdant meadows and valleys is more suited to the state of his feelings or his imagination, he will find his way along the sloping path which leads down into the valley of Fontana, while the luxurious district which lies between this place and Vayre can scarcely fail of inspiring him with delightful musings, whatever be the mood in which he resumes his interesting route. Limagne has been called the paradise of France, and offers all that beauty and variety to the eye which is produced by the course of a fine, deep stream, through a rich champagne country. The waters of the Allier give equal cheerfulness and fertility to a wide extent of meadows and undulating valleys; and the village of Pont du Château, from which it becomes navigable, is seen with picturesque effect across the wide domain of wood and stream.





*Drawn by J. D. Harding.*

*Engraved by Probst.*

PONT DU CHATEAU.

*France.*









## PONT DU CHÂTEAU.

'Par vos humeurs le monde est gouverné,  
Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage.'

MAYNARD.

THE beauty and fertility of the country, becoming more striking as he proceeds, assure the tourist that he is still upon the plains of the Limagne, which stretch far away to the right, and, on the left, terminate in a chain of hills, the first appearance of those lofty mountains which cloud the horizon at the distance of four or five leagues. These various eminences are, for the most part, covered with castles, or their ruins, among which the once noble one of Ravel, boasting now only a memory in early annals, and in the person of its present lord, the Count d'Estaing, is one of the most interesting. The declivities are enriched with vineyards, glowing with the finest fruiteries; and the plain along which he passes abounds with walnut trees, which often spread a thick, leafy canopy over his head. About half-way over the plain, he sees on his right the town of Beauregard, overlooked by a noble castle, formerly belonging to the bishops of Clermont, and having some fifteen hundred inhabitants. At nearly half a league from Pont du Château, he leaves to the left the road to Billom, a small town with five thousand people, but which has its board of commerce, being distinguished for the number and excellence of its fabrics. A little farther on lies the farm of Chignac, celebrated for its fair, and whither the principal persons of Clermont and Riom are in the habit of resorting on the days of festival.

In the rich, diversified view here given, of which one of the chief features is the beautiful and magnificent bridge in the distance, we behold the village, or rather town, seated on the

acclivity, and commanding the river Allier and the surrounding scenery, as it appeared to the eye of the artist from the site of the ancient castle. The bridge is considered a distinguished ornament of the place, and has eight noble arches. The single attraction which is felt to be wanting in the prospect before us, and too generally, perhaps, in the landscape scenery of France, is the relief derived from a due intermixture of wood and foliage, by the addition of which, Pont du Château would, in many points, present a striking resemblance to our Henley-upon-Thames. Nor where this feature prevails is there much in the characteristics of the woodland, in the variety or size of the trees, or plants, or flowers, to satisfy the taste of an English tourist; but he is amply repaid by the romantic beauty or magnificence of neighbouring rivers, like the Loire, the Rhone, the Saône, and the Allier. It is time, however, to resume our historic sketches, and to give some details and anecdotes connected with the manners of France, and in particular with the province of Auvergne, and its counts, at an early period.

The town of Pont du Château has fallen into comparative insignificance, even wearing an air of penury and desertion, although in its entire site and aspect, as well as in the too evident progress of dilapidation and decay, there are ample traces of its having formerly enjoyed no inconsiderable portion of prosperity and influence. The church, like so many others in the midland and southern districts of France, is of Saxon architecture: a style which, thanks to its bold and enduring character, has conferred on the religious edifices of those times a species of immortality, not equally the boast of those devoted to objects of war and ambition. Though called a town, in many points Pont du Château has sunk within the limits of a country village; it has scarcely three thousand inhabitants; but is indebted for the interest with which it is viewed by strangers to its pleasant and picturesque situation upon the river Allier. It is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable afforded by the Limagne, and almost by any other combination of rural scenery. The most remarkable objects it presents are the bridge already alluded to, as it appears in the preceding plate, and its more modern castle, which be-

longed formerly to the family of Montboissier, and is now the property of the corporation.

The noblest prospect which it affords of the surrounding country is obtained from an eminence behind the town; the variety, the broken yet uniform chain of hills, valleys, and plains, the diversity of form, and the great mountains in the distance, with the waters of the Allier, seen for many leagues off, make up a scene not surpassed by any other part of France, if we except, perhaps, parts of Dauphiny. A similar prospect is beheld from the castle of Beauregard, which appears at about half a league to the north-east from the town of Pont du Château.

Close in the same vicinity there is pointed out an object of natural curiosity well worth attention, more especially that of a scientific traveller. It consists of a rock, most probably of volcanic origin, the base of which, apparently argillaceous, becomes decomposed, and finally porous, emitting through it a sort of metallic pitch, in which formations occur of eagle-stone and chalcedony.

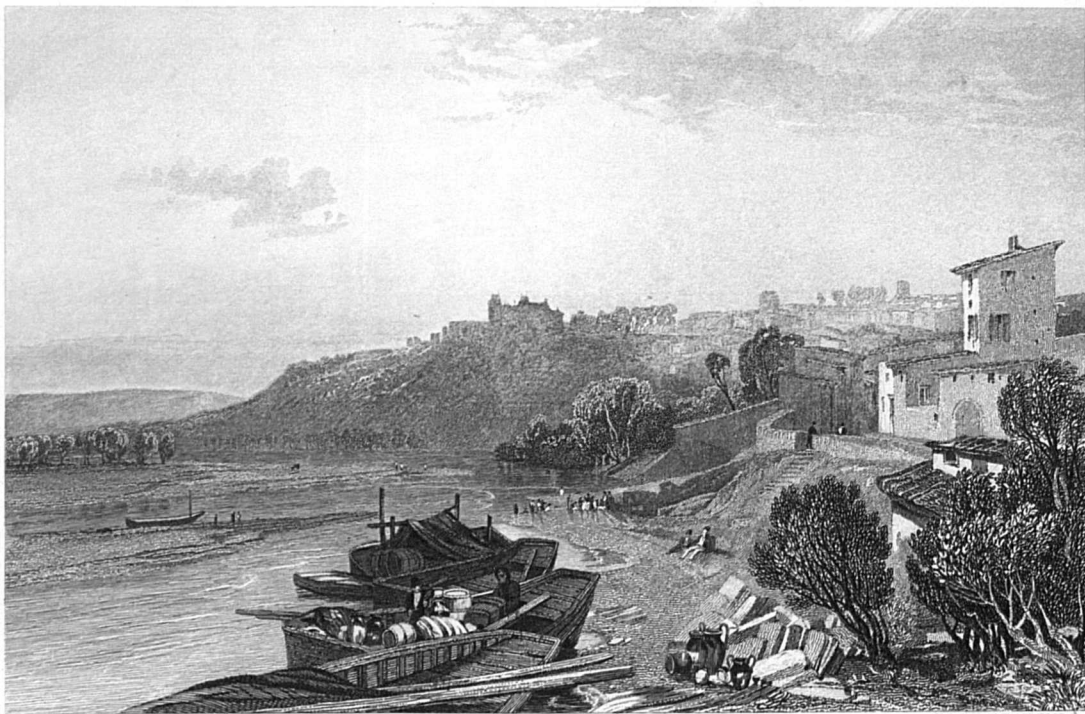
To its favourable position upon the sole navigable river of its department, Pont du Château is indebted for its commercial activity, chiefly consisting in a commission trade of wine and coal, for which it offers an emporium previous to being sent on their destination to Paris and other parts. To the same productive source is owing its salmon fishery, which is carried on to considerable extent, and found sufficiently lucrative in the spring season.

The following gives an amusing picture of old French law and its mode of administration. In 1602, the Duke of Luxembourg having brought a cause before the parliament regarding some claims in Dauphiny and Auvergne, the advocates that pleaded for him had the assurance to exact fifteen hundred crowns, then an enormous sum, for their fees. The Duke complained of this extortion to Henry IV., who ordered the parliament to issue out a decree, by which the lawyers' fees were reduced and settled, and they were obliged to give receipts for the money, and a general receipt for what papers were put into their hands, that they might be compelled to deliver up those which they generally

kept till their whole demands were satisfied. The necessity of putting a curb on the avarice of these people had always appeared so strong, that the states had already given the same orders, but all to no purpose; for the lawyers, instead of submitting to the decree, went in an immense body, nearly some five hundred, and returned into the public registry the ensigns of their office—a measure which produced a total cessation of the proceedings of the law. There was a general murmur raised throughout Paris, particularly among some pragmatistical coxcombs and self-styled wits, who, imagining themselves to be wiser than the king, the peers, and the states put together, decided against them in favour of the advocates, and found some abettors even at court. These last exaggerated the evil with so much sophistry and art, that the king was stunned with their clamours, and even began to be uneasy about the consequences.

Being one day in his closet conversing with some of his courtiers, and complaining of the continual solicitations made him in favour of the advocates: ‘Faith, sire, I am not surprised at it,’ quoth Sigogne, raising his voice, and assuming the air of one in a violent passion; ‘these men make it plainly appear that they know not how to employ their time, since they disturb themselves so much about a trifle. To hear their exclamations, one would suppose the state, but for these bawlers, would be actually ruined; as if the kingdom, under Charlemagne and so many other great monarchs, during whose reigns neither advocates nor attorneys were heard of, was not in as flourishing a condition as it is at present, when we are devoured by these vermin.’ To prove that the establishment of advocates in France was not very ancient, Sigogne then produced the register of the chancery, of which the first paper is entitled ‘A permission to plead causes by an advocate;’ and perceiving that he was listened to with pleasure, he added that the science was promoted to the ruin of the nobility and the people, and to the destruction of trade and agriculture. ‘There is not,’ said he, ‘any artist, or even any simple labourer, that is not of more use to the community than this swarm of men, who, enriching themselves by our follies, and the artifices they have invented to stifle truth, throw down all





*Drawn by J. D. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. H. Sturt.*

THE TOWN OF PONT DU CHATEAU.

*France*

Published by J. D. Harding, 10, St. Martin's Lane, London.







right, and stifle reason. If we are so blind that we will not, and so unhappy that we cannot, do without them, nothing remains to be done but to command them to resume the exercise of their employment within eight days at farthest, upon the conditions prescribed by the court, under pain of being obliged to return to the shop or to the plough which they have quitted, or else to serve the state in Flanders with a musket upon their shoulders.'

There was not one who could forbear smiling at this lively attack of Sigogne's; and the king, among the rest, confessed that he thought his arguments were very convincing. But whether wearied with the repeated solicitations made to him, or alarmed by his fears of the consequences, if this should be added to the new troubles which agitated his kingdom; or that, as he declared, he had reserved the power of one day making a general regulation of the affair, it is certain that he consented the arrest should at present be without effect, and the lawyers continue to charge their clients as they deemed fit.





## APPROACH TO THIERS.

'Adieu donc triste séjour !  
Tes rochers, tes murs sinistres.'

LE JEUNE VOYAGEUR.

'Forse in lui la folle  
Credenza di se stesso ei nutrir volle.'

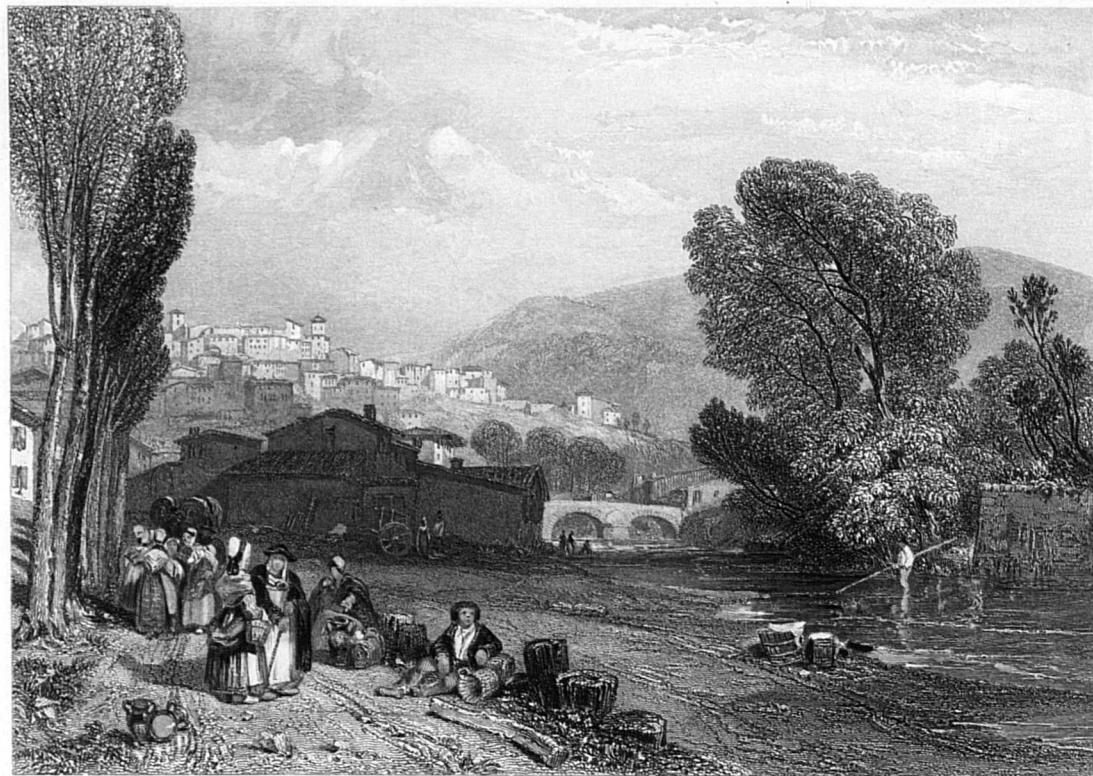
TASSO.

ALTHOUGH insignificant in point of character and importance as a town, Thiers, from its remarkable position and its little cascades, presents combinations of scenery not usually met with in this part of France. Without any one striking feature, the view, especially on its first approach, abounds with novelty and variety, and produces, throughout its least details, a pleasingly natural and picturesque effect. The stream, as it is seen from the spot chosen by the artist, appears to break suddenly on the eye, passing rapidly, like the mountain-torrent from which it springs, down its abrupt falls, and giving activity to several paper-mills as it leaps, rather than glides, along its wayward course. Often, in its rocky and precipitous career, it assumes a number of strange, fantastic forms, whirling in eddies, foaming or bounding over obstacles in its airy descent, till it ceases its hoarser murmurs, as it approaches the level of the plains.

On leaving Pont du Château, the fertile plains of the Limagne, presenting a singular contrast to the mountain scenery round Clermont, give a quiet relief to the eye. Extending for miles to the banks of the river Allier, navigable at most seasons of the year, they again abruptly terminate, near the bridge, in one of those remarkable eminences called 'puys,' so frequent here as to have given to the department the generic name of Puy-de-Dôme.







*Drawn by J. D. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. Goussier.*

APPROACH TO THIERS.

*France*



This is the Puy d'Allier, broken and abrupt, and of a conical form, similar to so many of those huge masses of volcanic rock, on and around whose summits time has witnessed a strange succession of monasteries, baronial castles, towns and hamlets, which have, from age to age, arisen and disappeared. The asylum of the persecuted, and the resort of dark enthusiasts, who first ventured to turn the rugged pinnacle into a human abode; the groundwork of modern towns and hamlets, with trade and civilization in their train, was thus unintentionally laid, by a few houseless and heart-stricken wanderers, in the wild, secluded hills of Auvergne. The rude cave and the simple hermit's cell soon drew more of human sympathies around them, till the social edifice, thus obscurely begun, gradually assumed the form and character given it by later times. Families and neighbourhoods were at length formed, and, as they continued to increase, new sites were selected; the single dwellings grew into hamlets, the latter into towns and cities; chivalry held sway from its feudal towers, and religion from her still more gloomy and imposing monasteries.

After crossing the river Allier, the approach to Thiers, on one side, continues over a level ground till you reach Bergère: on the left appears the mountain of l'Hermitage; on the right is the foot of a hill, on the opposite side of which stands the village of Servières, become celebrated by the romance of the *Astrea*; and next follows that of St. Thomas, of still greater elevation than that of the Hermitage itself. As we draw nearer to the town, along the new route by the river Durole, we first become aware of sudden and numerous inequalities in the rise and fall of the ground, which at length grow into abrupt acclivities, over which the tourist has to pass to reach the summit of the hill which commands Thiers. From this point the view of the surrounding country is extensive and picturesque; the eye rests upon the rich, glowing plains of la Limagne, terminated by a chain of rock and precipice, whence the grand Puy-de-Dôme holds dominion over a distance of ten leagues.

The ascent to the town is both long and steep; and such is its singular position, that, on attaining the height, it has all the appearance of having been thrown from the summit to the foot

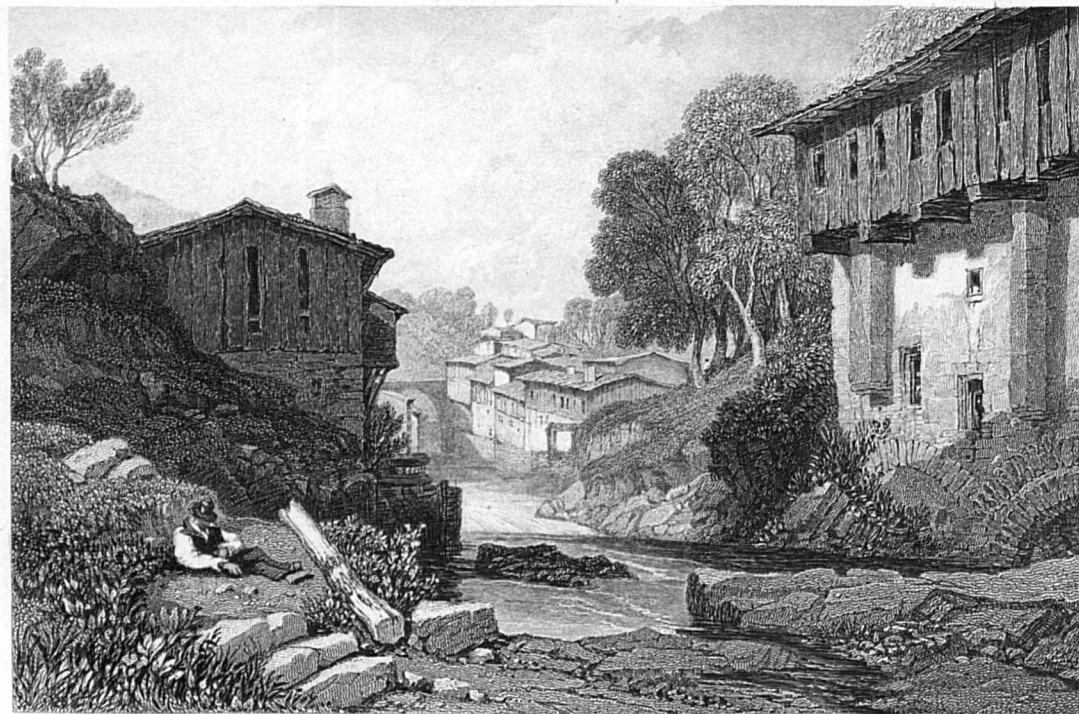
of the precipitous ridge, and prevented only by some intervening power from rolling into the plain below. Its first impression upon the traveller, also, produces an odd sort of sensation, as if he were about to follow it, and be precipitated upon the roofs and towers and pinnacles that seem to start up below him. Before arriving at the spot, he observes, angrily chafing at his feet, the little river of la Durole, held within the rocky limits of the narrow valley, through which it is intended to carry the newly projected road. From the opposite side appears, hanging over the valley, a sombre mass of rocks, which, flinging their huge dark shadows frowning over the spot, presents a scene which the mind at once loves, yet dreads, to contemplate.

The view of Thiers from the point where the artist made his selection can scarcely, we think, fail to remind the reader of the pleasing and romantic appearance, presented under deeper shadowings, of the wild and rural Tivoli; more especially if considered in its connection with Clermont. Like the Italian, it is situated on high and broken acclivities; and as that looks far out over the Campagna towards 'the Eternal City,' so the abrupt eminences of Thiers command a fine view over the rich plains and level country towards Clermont, from which this town is likewise equally distant as the former from the Roman capital.

The interior of the town is spacious, spreading over a prominent ridge, which appears formed from one side of a deep fissure in an immense mountain. The other side, up to the very summit, is a pile of basaltic rock, rising almost perpendicularly. From the Hôtel de France, built on the turn of the hill, may be seen a noble prospect of dale, and wood, and water, with the range of hills stretching beyond—that of the Mont d'Or covered with snow. The chief houses of Thiers present an agreeable aspect from their occasional painting in fresco, in the Italian manner, and of which there are so few examples in France. In this respect, it wears almost the air of an imitation of Nice in miniature, and, on a yet more diminutive plan, of Genoa; being, most probably, the work of some Italian artists who repaired to the place. It is a pity the custom did not become more general, giving, as it does, a more lively and graceful air to the *genius loci*, under whatever form, or in whatever scene.







Painted by J. C. Varrault.

Engraved by J. C. Varrault.

THE RIVER.  
*France*





But the impression is lost on proceeding farther into the town. Narrow, black-looking streets, dark as the houses heaped on each side, with close, low fronts, contracted doors and windows, compel the tourist to meditate an early escape into the free air and the fresh verdure, only to be truly enjoyed under the canopy of heaven, and in the heart of Nature's everlasting home of green vales and hills. Thiers can lay claim to no superior edifice, and no public place of note; nothing beyond a very trivial promenade, which, like the exterior aspect of a few of the better houses, helps to reconcile the spot to the tourist's eye. The streets are as dark and forbidding as the houses, into both which you must mount by a sort of gallery, one placed above the other, and, added to their steepness, half choked up with dirt and rubbish. The churches are most of them neglected and dilapidated, and, considered as French, the people are said to be coarse and harsh in their manners, and still more careless of their appearance and dress. In other words, the people are artisans, and there can be found scarcely twenty tolerable-looking houses in the place. Assuredly, it has nothing of an aristocratic stamp, but it boasts industry and commerce adapted to its own wants. Everything bespeaks promptness and activity in its streets; almost every abode is a shop, and every person you meet a workman or mechanic. Their skill is exercised in cutlery, hardware, in tanning, and paper-making, in all which the utmost energy is brought to the task. Three-fourths of the population are thus employed, and it is the same with that of the adjacent villages, for many leagues around. Spain, the Levant, Italy, and the Indies, supply a market for its cutlery, in which it yields only, if at all, to the inhabitants of the town of St. Stephen, or to the mechanics of England herself. Thiers derives, from its exportations in this single branch, an annual sum of nearly 2,000,000 francs. The department not being supplied with mines of iron, that article is brought from the Nivernais, Berry, and la Franche-Comté.

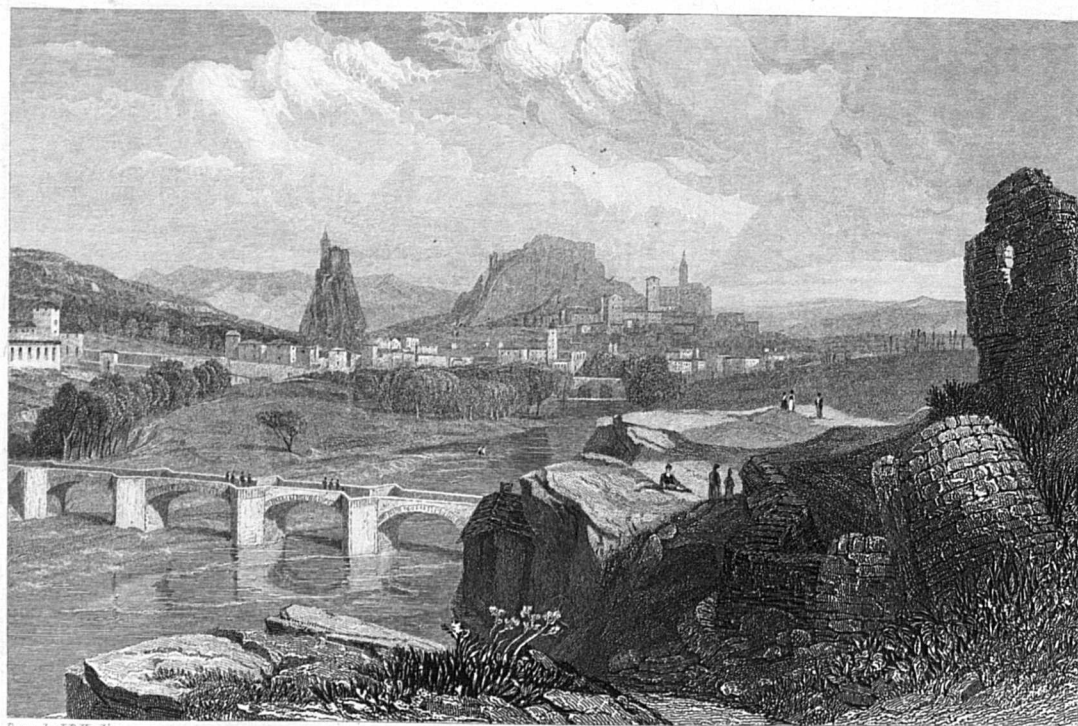
The paper-mills, as well as the tanneries, are situated upon the river Durole, which carries a strong current, deep and narrow, above which, on the height, is seen another portion of the town, before hidden from the view. The force of the current, in some

places, has worked excavations, as before observed, in the huge rock in which it is so closely embedded; and these have the appearance of grottoes or caverns, and supply a continual stream to carry on the labour of the mills. Thiers manufactures large quantities of paper, the greater part of which finds a ready market in the city of Paris alone, its quality being of a very superior kind. Another of its staple manufactures consists of excellent candles, formed from the fat of the goats, abundantly fed on the neighbouring hills, and which are no less valued for the milk and food which they supply. One of the mills at Thiers is devoted to the sole purpose of grinding bones, the dust of which fertilizes the pastures; and in the same way the material from the hoofs and horns is economically applied as a manure for the garden or the farm.

Several fairs are held at Thiers throughout the year; that of the 14th of September, called the Foire du Pré, forming the principal one. The population amounts to upwards of ten thousand; it is the seat of a sub-prefecture to the department of Puy-de-Dôme; possesses a court of judicature and a board of commerce. Thiers can lay claim also to two good inns, both situated upon the high road. Its name\* is said to be derived from its peculiar position, placed on the two sides and the summit of a hill in such a way, as to admit only of one-third of the town being seen at the same time, from whatever side it is surveyed. The two sides overlooking the plain are covered with vineyards, which are laid out in a sort of amphitheatre; and which, on approaching the place from Clermont, produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. They appear to intermix with, and form a part of, the meadows spread at the foot of the hill—the hill itself, mantled with their deep green hues, presenting much the same agreeable illusion, of mingling with the plain. Indeed, the whole vicinity abounds in rich and attractive views. Thiers is known as the native place of Guillet de St. George, a learned antiquarian, and first historiographer of the academy of painting and sculpture at Paris.

\* *Anglicé*, a third, a term sufficiently familiar to most people who can boast anything of the '*Thiers État*.'





*Drawn by J. D. Harding,*

*Engraved by J. I. Williams,*

LE PUY.  
*France.*









### DISTANT VIEW OF LE PUY.

‘Montagnes du Forez, solitudes heureuses,  
Où les traits de l’amour se forgeaient autrefois,  
Où le Lignon trainait ses ondes langoureuses,  
Où pour vaincre une amante il fallait plus d’une mois  
A ce vallon fameuse, salut, paix, et constance.’

L’ANACHARSIS.

OF the approaches to Le Puy, we shall describe the most picturesque and interesting to a stranger’s eye. Some miles from Monistrol, the tourist beholds, on his right, the river Loire, whose deep, broad valley presents a majestic view, strikingly contrasted with that on his left, of the narrow, indented vale, where he crosses the river near its confluence, over a lofty bridge. Enclosed within rocks of massy strength, wild, abrupt, and fearfully steep, and in most parts thickly wooded, the aspect of this vale has something startling, as well as picturesque, which strongly impresses the imagination. Deep solitude and unvarying shade seem to throw an unwonted stillness over the scene, nor can it be contemplated without a feeling partaking of their gloomy sway. The waters of the Lignon are only observable by glimpses through the nearly impervious foliage which overshadows it. Its banks, indeed, cannot boast the same agreeable views which distinguish those of the admired Lignon d’Urfe, but they are more bold and romantic.

The descent into this wilderness of wood and vale is long and precipitous, and its embankments are reached by an outlet still more rugged and protracted. The ground you pass over before entering Issengeaux, a little village with some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, is volcanic throughout. The roofs of the houses, for the chief part covered with basalt, have a curious appearance.

It possesses a sub-prefecture. At the entrance, the tourist leaves the road towards Montfaucon to the left, another small town, which embraces only about 1,500 people, having a trade and influence upon the same diminutive scale.

Proceeding a distance of two leagues upon the lava, and next over veins of granite, till he gains the vicinity of Le Puy, a portion of the town presents itself to the tourist's eye in a sudden and picturesque manner. Towering above the scene appear the singular rocks of Corneille and St. Michel, which astonish the beholder. About a mile before entering the town, there branches to the left the road leading by St. Agrève, a small place in the department of l'Ardèche, to Tournon, a considerable town in the same department, situated upon the right bank of the Rhone. It is on this side that the traveller generally crosses the river, half a league from Le Puy. The town is built in the form of an amphitheatre, upon the eastern declivity of a hill, the summit of which is crowned with the vertical rock of Corneille. Viewed from a distance, it has a striking effect, but the interior has little to recommend it. There are no noble streets or squares; no handsome houses, nor even splendid churches. The streets and walks are well planned and laid out, but have nothing remarkable; and it is the same with the fountains and other public places.

The greatest height of the grand Puy-de-Dôme has been calculated at 4,920 feet above the level of the sea. By the natives it is usually designated as the giant surrounded by his children, the lesser hills, over which he towers in patriarchal grandeur, one of which, close at his side, is distinguished as the *petit Puy*, and is more than 504 feet inferior in height. It was upon the flat plain which forms the summit of this hugest of granite hills where the admirable Pascal, a native of Clermont, conducted his ingenious scientific observations on the weight of the air. The experiments, however, were chiefly made, according to M. Legrand, by his brother-in-law, M. Perrier, to whom he sent written instructions from Paris.

'It is something to ascend the Puy-de-Dôme,' says the author of the *Voyage Gastronomique*, 'but it is, first of all, a pleasanter operation to stop at the shop of Messrs. Chastellut, or M. Girard,

and pay your respects to those apricot patties, which will afford a sweet relief, a gentle coolness, to your oppressed bosom, when you climb those sharp, savage, perpendicular rocks.'

From the *Rue des Tables*, the stranger commences his ascent towards the cathedral, a huge structure, but which can boast nothing in point of elegance. It is, however, original, as well as strong and massy in its architecture, and, what is more strange, one half of the edifice appears as if suspended in the air. Its site is one of the loftiest in the place, and to arrive at it you must surmount a long succession of inclined planes, having done which, you reach an immense vault, over which a great portion of the church is thrown forward. From this, a slope of 118 steps brings the weary adventurer into the vault below, or more properly the back space under the church, till he reaches a portal with two wings of sculptured bronze, decorated with columns and pilasters of porphyry. Through these he walks into the interior of the cathedral; and it is difficult to describe the singular effect produced by issuing at once from under ground into the centre of the solemn aisle. A number of excellent paintings suddenly burst upon the eye; and there is a very curious image, cut in cedar, representing a woman seated, and giving an infant the breast. The rude workmanship, the little bands of coloured cloth, with which, in the Egyptian style, it is wrapped from head to foot, with the wood of which it is formed, seem to favour the supposition of its being the work of the first Christians of Mount Libya, and that some Crusader most probably presented it to the church. The belfry, built like the rest of the structure of lava, is raised about 200 feet, ending in a pyramid, almost rivalling the highest point of the steeple of Corneille.

Several Roman medals discovered upon the mountain have led to the idea that this edifice was formerly a temple of the goddess *Isis*, though it must be confessed that the origin both of the cathedral and the place itself is involved in considerable doubt. However it may have first arisen, we are assured that Le Puy was indebted for its growth to the frequent visits paid no less by the people than by their sovereigns to the holy reliques enshrined within the place, and among which were remarked the mitre of

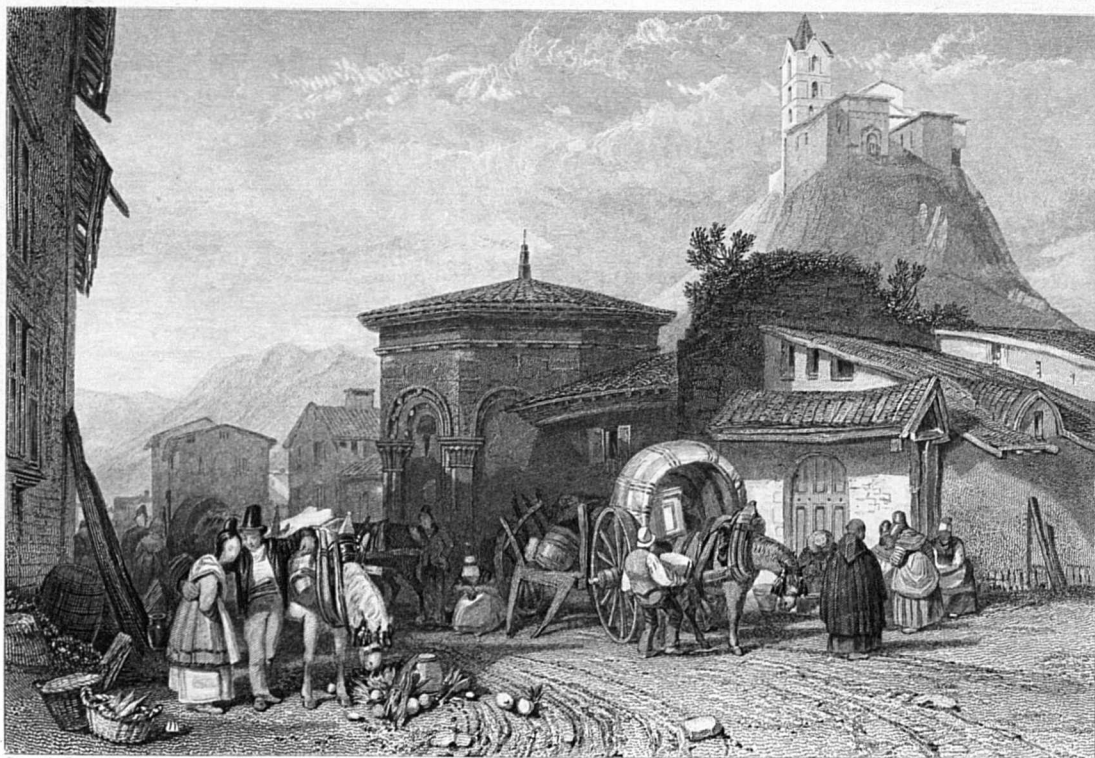
Aaron, and a few of the wax candles which had been lighted at the period of the Holy Virgin's death.

Le Puy, like so many towns of the south, sustained strange disasters in earlier times, but was not exposed to all the severity of those ferocious persecutions which reduced so many towns and villages into heaps of ashes. The bitter enmities which sprung up between its bishops and the counts of Polignac marked the epochs, we believe, which proved most fatal to its interests and its repose.

With respect to its manufactures, especially of lace, stuffs, and woollens, once so sought after, they have now ceased to confer on it any exclusive sort of prosperity.

There is much to interest the traveller, especially if attached to scientific pursuits, in the vicinity of Le Puy. To the north-east appears the rock of Aiguille, on the top of which is erected a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, and surrounded by a parapet, upon which we are requested to believe that there are still visible the footmarks of a young maiden who flung herself headlong down the precipice, to refute the charge of those who had dared to suspect her innocence. Espaly is seen towards the west, near which we must as little question that the stream of Rionpe-zouillous rolls along its balls of gold, its granites, its sapphires, and other precious stones. A number of little spots, like these, and sites of old castles, surround the mountain, on which appears the town of Le Puy. In the lower ground the soil is rich and productive, and its mode of cultivation well worth the attention of the agricultural, no less than the scientific traveller; but the mountainous district presents another aspect. Snow is to be seen upon the summits during eight or nine months of the year. At Fay le Froid and the Estables, the houses continue covered with it during three or four months, and the only means of communication among the inhabitants is by a sort of tunnel, bored through the surrounding masses of frozen snow. When a mountaineer at this season dies, they frequently have to commit his remains, not to the earth, but to the *snow*, till a more favourable period for performing the last duties to his remains shall arrive. In parts of this mountain region the wretchedness of the people





Drawn by J. O. Harding.

Engraved by W. Radcliffe.

MONT ST. MICHIELLE, - LE PUY.  
*France.*







is extreme ; poverty assumes its most fearful forms ; and in the villages are to be perceived heaps of wretched cabins, consisting of mere clay and straw, in which the shivering inmates indiscriminately shelter along with their beasts. They rely, indeed, for preserving their vital warmth, upon the breath of their domestic animals ; for light, they employ a piece of resined wood ; their food consists of radishes, potatoes, and the coarsest species of barley and rye bread. A glass of wine would there be esteemed a luxury, and, at times, even a morsel of bacon or cheese. With this stern and hardy character of life, many of the social virtues, usually considered the fruit of civilization, yet too seldom found, seem to flourish the more vigorously, like the northern fir, in the seasoning blast ; and a strong sense of religion, filial piety, hospitality, and an insurmountable affection for their desert homes, are not the least characteristics of the simple-hearted, bold mountaineers of Auvergne. From sire to son, for many ages past, they have borne the same frank, intrepid character ; nor is the religious feeling and the deep-rooted attachment to their native hills productive only of advantage within the confined sphere of their humble abodes :

‘ A hardy peasantry, their country’s pride,’

often and again have they resisted the tide of battle, and thrown it back upon the foreign invader ; formed the last hope of freedom, headed by the chivalrous Duguesclin and his successors ; and the last sanctuary of loyalty and religion when an English king was crowned in Paris, and fierce civil strife and persecution laid waste their unhappy country from end to end.

Then how many a weary and belated traveller, lost amidst the solitary hills, or wilder woodlands, and unable to distinguish even the rude-piled stones that mark the shepherd-paths in the snowstorm and the dark night, has owed his safety to the glowing torch, seen from the distant cottage. Imagine his joy, for he had begun to despair ! the storm was loose among the hills, darkness gathering fast around him, and the sweeping snowdrifts whirling at his feet seemed preparing for him a bed from which he would no more arise ! Imagine him seated under the peasant’s

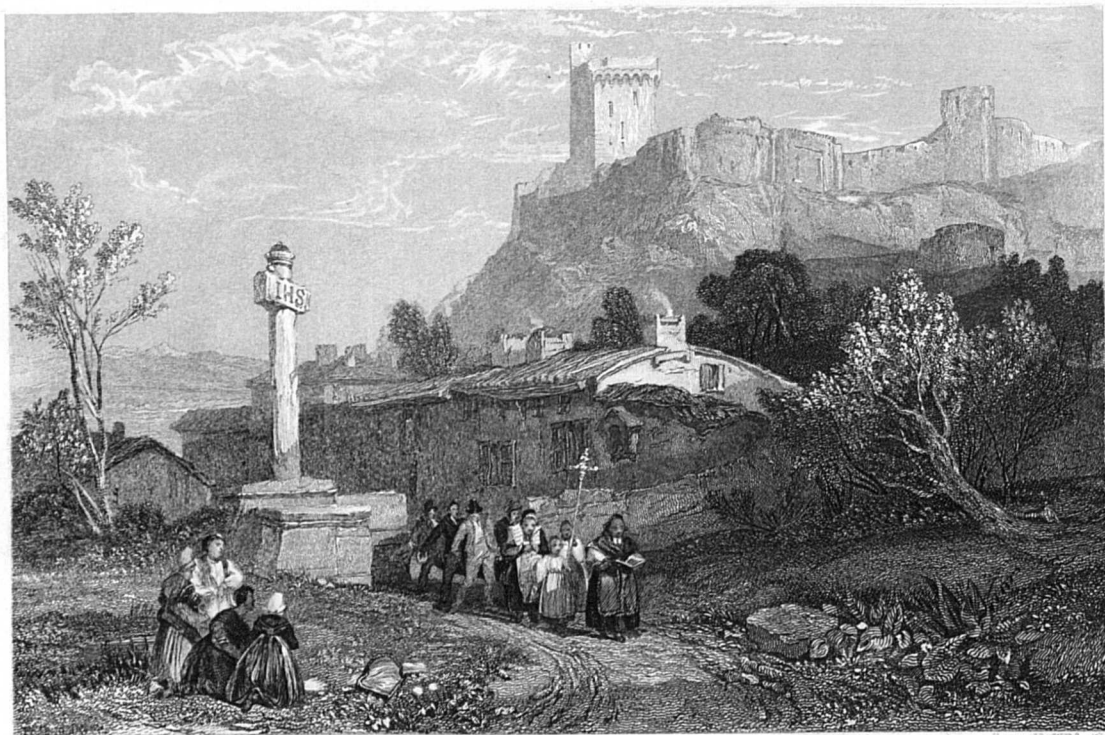
roof, full of gratitude to Heaven and his poor host, while he breathes a blessing upon the heads of the children, as he recurs, with mingled feelings of delight and pain, to thoughts of his own distant home!

The simple habits, the rude, inclement seasons, with the sudden changes and deprivations, all of which form the character of these patriarchal dwellers of the hills, tend also to produce a degree of kindly feeling, of mutual support and benefit, between man and the domestic animals around him, such as is little known in more peopled and refined districts.

The view of the church and rock of St. Michel, seen on the approach to the town of Le Puy, is striking and remarkable. Though less imposing, as represented in the accompanying plate, than some of the other views, it has much in the detail which is bold and picturesque. The rock of St. Michel presents the appearance of a lofty tower, rising in the form of a cone. Its greatest height is stated to be 600 feet, and upon its summit is erected the church of the same name, which, beheld from a distance, gives to the whole mass the shape of an immense obelisk. Through the solid rock has been cut a sort of staircase, consisting of a vast flight of steps, exceeding two hundred and sixty paces. It would seem as if this distinguished saint had indulged a taste for very lofty sites; for it is a singular coincidence that so many of the temples dedicated to his honour should invariably be found piercing as it were the clouds from almost pyramidal rocks, and summits of lofty eminences. Among these may be mentioned the celebrated Mont St. Michel in Brittany, which, like the two great rocks of St. Michel and of Corneille, is formed of mineral material; and, doubtless, owes its origin to the same cause. They are vast eruptions of the earth, found to be composed of a species of volcanic marble, filled with lines and fragments of basalt, granite, quartz, etc.

At the foot of Mont St. Michel, is seen a curiously formed rotunda, very small, but which has nothing remarkable in its history, though regarded by many as an ancient temple, and honoured with the title of having once belonged to the goddess Diana.





Engraved by J. L. Smith.

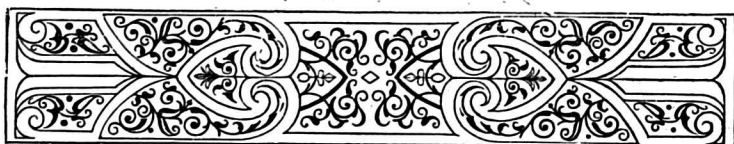
Designed by H. C. Smith.

CHATEAU & VILLAGE OF POLIGNAC.  
*France.*









## CHÂTEAU DE POLIGNAC.

ONE of the principal points of interest attaching to the town and vicinity of Le Puy is the extraordinary character of those volcanic rocks which seem to surround the place on all sides. That of Corneille, which directly overhangs it, assumes the singular cubic form which prevails so generally, and has a very picturesque appearance. The adjacent one of Polignac rises about half a league from the town; it is of an oblong sort of square, cut perpendicularly in three sides, and presents one large flat surface above, which was once the site of the castle bearing the same name. It is now only a broken mass, or rather a hedge of ruins, of which the strangely wild yet picturesque, aspect, at once arrests the eye of the beholder.

The lofty and singularly situated position of this ancient castle is seen to great advantage from the spot which the artist selected for his sketch. The mountainous character and the general sterility of the country give to its ruins an additional air of wildness and desertion; and the same heavy and mournful aspect extends over the surrounding scenery, which is no way relieved by the rude monumental relic displayed, in the accompanying view, in its executive character of the cross. In the immediate neighbourhood, however, are several little villages, which with their castles or churches erected upon the summit of the hills, give relief to the eye of the traveller; and, in many respects, if we allow for the prevailing want of foliage, remind him of some parts of Italy, from which the style of architecture and the decoration of the houses sometimes appear to have been borrowed.

After long research amidst the various relics of the decayed

château, was discovered that celebrated head of Apollo, often mentioned by M. de Faujas and other writers. It is a piece of rude sculpture, round and massy; the mouth is open, as if in the act of speech; 'and, doubtless, for this reason,' says a French writer, 'it must have belonged to some divinity which gave forth oracles.' The nose has been partially mutilated, as is the case with most part of the ancient statues. The beard, the hair, and the eyes are in tolerably good preservation. The head is supposed to have belonged to a temple of Apollo, of which the site, rather than the ruins, is pointed out near the antique castle.

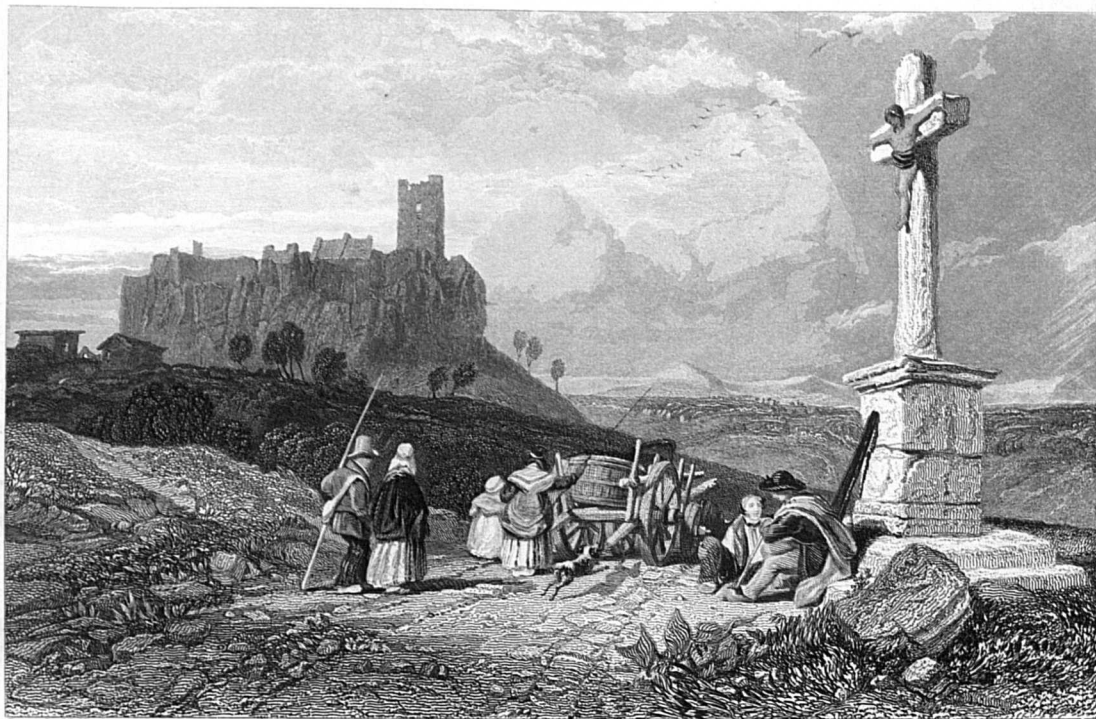
The view of the castle and village of this ancient and celebrated spot was sketched from the old church porch. The village, indeed, is here but partially seen, extending out of sight much lower down to the left than it appears in the accompanying plate, and also behind the castle. It consists of a great number of buildings, similar in style and aspect to those we see chiefly erected round the base and acclivities of the rock on which the castle stands. The magnificent square tower here also introduced is of very large dimensions, and, placed as it is on the very edge of the precipitous rock, has a startling and imposing effect. Its bold and lofty, not to say perilous site, while it forms a singular contrast to the humbler edifices which it overlooks, combines admirably with the wild, romantic character of the surrounding scenery.

It is delightful to contemplate France and her gallant people in those happier days, before the rage of religious persecutions withered their energies, and distorted the spirit of her rulers; when she shone in her native character of frank sociability, courtesy, and chivalrous exploit, united with a loyal-heartedness, whether as regarded her princes, or devotion to honour and to beauty; in all which she was excelled by no country of the earth.









Drawn by J.D. Harding

Engraved by Charles D. Smith

CHATEAU DE POLIGNAC.

France

Printed by A. Smith

London







London: G. Wallcutting.

Printed by W. Wallcutting.

VIC.  
*France*









## VIC.

‘Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field.’

POPE.

Vic, a little town situated upon the river Cere, in the department of Mont Cantal, in high Auvergne, boasts little in its modern appearance to attract our notice. The approach to it, however, is striking and pleasing, from the views in the vicinity, its very appropriate site, and its neat, well-constructed buildings. At one period it grew into high repute for the efficacy of its waters; and numbers, both of the French themselves and of strangers, were accustomed to resort to the spot. Doctor Antoine, a native of Murat, who had first the merit of making them celebrated, had the satisfaction at once of witnessing their good effects and acquiring a host of patients, among whom many a *malade imaginaire* is said to have taken leave of him with gratitude, congratulating himself upon an almost miraculous cure.

After passing the mountains of the Cantal, the traveller descends into a beautiful valley, which conducts him, at its termination, to the town of Aurillac. Besides that of Vic, which is one of the most curious and considerable, there are other villages interspersed through the valley, of which the style of building is very remarkable, presenting, as it does, a combination of the Swiss, the French, and the Italian. Proceeding in a southerly direction from the summit of the mountain, the eye of the tourist is gladdened by a remarkably striking and agreeable contrast to the ascent on the north side; affording, at each step, a picture of almost every intermediate variety between a northern and a southern climate. The road, however, it should be remarked, is broken and even dangerous in some parts, doubtless from want of sufficient com-

munication between this and the adjacent places. But it is not so much in itself, as for its historical associations, its connection with early poetry and letters, and the terrific wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that Vic and its vicinity claim at once a proud and a mournful interest in the traveller's mind. The sufferings inflicted upon it by the English in the days of our Edwards, and especially by the Black Prince, are still unforgotten, contrasting strangely with its more agreeable recollections of the gay troubadour, the fame of its learned monks, and the union, in the thirteenth century, of monk and minstrel, in the person of the admired Montaudon; the reputation of the advocate, William Consul; John of Lestrieres; and, in particular, the academician, Louis de Boissy, the poet, who died in the year 1785.

Persecution is possessed of a very catholic spirit; its faith in the sword has stood the test of ages; it has everywhere usurped the empire of true religion, is the only doctrine which has not made room for a successor, and of which the authority could not be shaken. The experience of the slave lays the surest foundation for the cruelty of the future master; and it was thus that the Christian religion, after undergoing the fiery ordeal of the heathen, turned its triumphant arms against its enemies, and taught a tremendous lesson, in succession, to the Heathen, the Jew, the Saracen, and the Reformer. The same spirit which dictated the Crusades to the East, gave rise to the persecutions of the West; and they who called themselves Christians, having exhausted the blood and treasure of the infidel, began to deluge their native lands with Christian and kindred blood. Such was the terrific scene so long displayed by almost every European country, and by none more than France, when she once seized the fire-brands of religious wrath, and vied with Spain herself in zeal for an Established Church, with its exclusive system of law and doctrine, outstripping every other nation in its fierce and sanguinary career.

Philip II., surnamed Augustus, from the month in which he was born, was educated by priests, and had scarcely mounted the throne, when he resolved to put their maxims into execution, and signalize his ardour in the cause of Christianity by destroying

all his fellow-creatures whom he deemed inimical to its faith. On the same day, and at the same hour, while his Jewish subjects were peaceably assembled in their synagogues, offering up adoration to their common Father, they were suddenly surrounded by bands of soldiers, cast into dungeons, and deprived of their entire property. He at the same time issued an edict relieving from responsibility all persons who owed anything to Jews, upon the condition that they paid one-fifth of the sum so due into the king's treasury. The synagogues were ordered to be converted into churches, and, after the approaching festival of St. John, the whole tribe were to be expelled the kingdom. It was in vain they addressed themselves to the nobility and clergy; they departed from the land with their wives and children, in sorrow and desolation, with only a small pittance from the sale of their effects. The Jews of Toulouse alone were enabled to remain and keep possession of their privileges, the great vassals of the crown showing no disposition to enforce the king's ordinances.

One of his next edicts went to suppress the utterance of oaths, and all kinds of swearing; for which purpose, spies and informers were sent on all sides to seize on the offender who, in a moment of passion or intoxication, should be overheard by them. The better ranks were condemned in the penalty of twenty sols, and the poor to be thrown into the river; 'for the king held in horror and abomination,' say the Chronicles of St. Denis, 'those fearful oaths which vile gamblers and other idle people are apt to utter over their dice, or their cups, in taverns.' He renewed the persecutions against the *paterins*, who, carrying reform into their moral life, as well as their doctrine, were remarkable for the extreme austerity of their habits, refusing even to indulge in the state of marriage.

In addition to the evils of religious persecution and civil faction, we learn from the Abbé St. Geneviève, sent about the same period on his mission to the south, 'that he was in constant danger of his life from bands of robbers, Cotereaux, Basques, and Aragonese; that ravaged towns everywhere met the eye; villages, hamlets, and houses, consumed by fire; so that the image of death and desolation rose on all sides upon the startled sight.

Even peace added to the numbers of these marauders, their service being no longer required, though preferred to that of the feudal militia in time of war ; for, being destitute of all moral or social ties, they obeyed their chief with more sanguinary zeal. France became a prey to rapine, and neither the general nor local governments subjected these adventurers to the control of the laws. The people, however, did not remain passive victims ; deserted by their kings and magistrates, they determined to act in their own defence. A poor man, a carpenter of Auvergne, named Durand, believed that he had seen a vision of the Holy Virgin ; she exhorted him to go forth, and preach a league in defence of peace, and the banishment of the Brabançons, and all other robbers. He was joined by the Bishop of Puy de Velay, at the head of twelve leading citizens belonging to the town, who aided the visionary in the establishment of rules for the society of pacificators, or *capuchons*, a name derived from a sort of woollen cap worn by them as a distinctive badge. They were further designated by little lead or pewter images of the Virgin attached to the breast. In becoming members of this society they renounced neither their order nor their dress ; bound themselves by no vows of obedience or abstinence, not even abstaining from marriage. They simply promised to devote themselves manfully to the maintenance of peace, and to hasten at the first summons to repress and to punish every species of injury. A society, thus founded on courage and wisdom, soon spread its branches on all sides ; it became disciplined, and, on the 20th of July, 1183, it surrounded at Châteaudun, a body of more than 7,000 adventurers, not one of whom escaped. The credit of this exploit was in part given to King Philip, on account of his having sent a reinforcement of soldiers in aid of the society. But the priests took the chief merit to themselves, for if they did nothing to achieve the victory, they did all they could to excite the conquerors to slaughter when it was won. They also required that the prisoners who had escaped the first fury of the battle should be delivered into their hands ; among whom were found fifteen hundred women of loose character. These they put to the torture, and then burnt them as heretics, by a slow fire ; for the adventurers whom the

women accompanied 'had been in the habit of burning churches, and dragging away the priests and pious men, whom they termed *cantadors*, by way of derision, and after beating and tormenting them, the *cantadors cantets*.'

The priests, however, while they fulminated their edicts against men in arms, reserved the full power of the ecclesiastical arm to fall upon the humbled sectarians, the poor *paterins*, who had only their simple virtues and austerities of life to recommend them. More respected by the people for their excellent precepts, they daily gained ground in the provinces, to the disadvantage of the monks. William, Archbishop of Rheims, and Count Philip of Flanders, holding a meeting at Arras, in 1183, 'numbers of heretics were accused before them, both noble and plebeian, clerks, chevaliers, peasants, virgins, widows, and married women.' By a decree of the archbishop and the count, the whole of them were seized, committed to the flames, and their property divided between the prelate and the prince. Henry II. of England was almost the only monarch who, resisting the fanatical plague that raged throughout so many countries of Europe, refused 'to convert his kingdom into one vast slaughter-house, and diffuse the light of learning and religion by the faggot and the burning plough-share.' It was to punish what the Church called this crime, that Heaven, it was declared, struck him in the person of his own son.

The war continued with unabated vigour throughout the south of France. Raymond V. had entered into an alliance with the younger Henry, in preference to conciliating his father; and thus, on the death of that prince, he found himself engaged with two powerful enemies, Alphonso II. of Aragon, and Henry II. of England. He sought a refuge from the storm in a stricter alliance with Hugh III., Duke of Burgundy; he gave him in marriage Beatrice, the widow of his son, and heiress of the Count of Albon. It was by this alliance that Dauphiny passed into a branch of the house of Burgundy. He found support likewise from the Lords of Aquitania, who had shown great attachment to Henry-au-Court-Mantel; Bertrand de Born, sire of Hautefort; the Counts of Perigord and Angoulême; the Viscounts of Vendalour and Limoges. He could not, however, protect Bertrand de Born, the instigator

of all the revolts of the young English prince. Henry II. laid siege to Hautefort, and took from him his castle so named. It was subsequently restored, in consideration of the memory of his unfortunate son ; while Bertrand de Born, the bravest of all the troubadours of this romantic epoch, sung the fame of those exploits in those *sirventes* which still survive.

Bertrand was not only a faithful adherent of Henry-au-Court-Mantel ; he was remarkable as the most constant and irreconcilable enemy of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by his brutal excesses, had alienated from him the whole body of Aquitanian nobles. It is stated that he carried from their homes the wives and daughters of the first gentlemen of the province, and, after dishonouring them, cast them, as a present, to his no less brutal soldiery. Bertrand, whom no scruples of delicacy prevented from consigning such actions to the execration of the world, through the medium of his poetry, might easily excite the popular mind to some fresh insurrection ; and it was the knowledge of this which induced Henry II. to wish for Richard's quitting the province. He, in fact, proposed to him that he should yield it up in favour of his fourth brother, John, surnamed Lackland, from the circumstance of his not then having received any territorial allotment. The sword was then the great arbiter of princely differences. Henry commissioned his younger sons to lead an army against their brother ; but the expedition produced no results.









*Drawn by J. D. Harting.*

*Engraved by W. Radclyffe.*

AURILLAC.  
*France.*







## AURILLAC.

‘Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.’

GOLDSMITH.

THE town of Aurillac is entitled, for many reasons, to be considered the little capital of its department ; it is one of the most spacious, populous, and pleasing in its aspect of any in the region of Cantal. No traveller can view, without interest, the ancient château of St. Stephen, nor without approbation the Hôtel de Ville, to say nothing of the prefecture, the exhibition-room, college, hospital, the barracks, the baths, courts of justice, and the churches. Many writers pretend to trace the origin of Aurillac to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus ; and this certainly tends to raise its pretensions in the eyes of posterity ; others again maintain, that it was founded by St. Gerand, towards the close of the ninth century ; and this, on the other hand, shows a little too much modesty, as the following will make clear. Odillon, a contemporary of the said St. Gerand, declares, that he is a native of Aurillac, and that his father was interred in the church of the same town. It would not be worth while, therefore, to insist longer upon its claims to antiquity. It is with towns as with men ; their pretensions to remote beginning are seldom advanced by those that have other and better titles to our respect or admiration ; but Aurillac is not to be included in this exclusive circle.

‘Faithful among the faithless ever found,’ and always the victim of her fidelity and truth, this lovely town has rendered

itself but too celebrated. Like the mother of the Gracchi, she might point confidently to her children, as the richest ornament which she possessed. Each successive age presented her with sons emulative of the true nobility of their sires; great men, who flourished in their respective careers—in the church, at the bar, on the tented field—in every region in which genius could open a path, or worth adorn it.

As early as the tenth century, before the light of learning shone upon Italy, Gerbert became distinguished as an orator, theologian, poet, physician, musician, and the greatest astronomer of his age. He was the preceptor of Robert, son of Hugh Capet, and of two of the emperors, one of whom was Otho III., who afterwards became pope, under the name of Silvester II. It is to him we owe the employment of the Arabic characters which he brought from Spain, and also the improved principle of clocks with balance-wheels. Next to Gerbert ranks William, the seventy-fifth bishop of Paris; John de Cinq-Arbres, professor of the Hebrew language; Pierre de Cambe-fort, called the learned; Geraud Vigier, the marshal, and the Cardinal of Noailles, Peganiol de la Force; Fontanges de Velzie, De la Rode, and the architect William Trapezat.

Aurillac, likewise, boasts the honour of having had a poet, the graceful Maynard, to preside within its walls as president; and M. de Monthion, as its lord-lieutenant, or *intendant*. The latter, in a year of extreme dearth, generously expended large sums for the relief of the unhappy people, employing great numbers in the completion of a noble promenade, which bears his name. An obelisk formerly bore record of his benefactions; and the following lines, written by the academician, Thomas, in honour of a public benefactor, were inscribed upon it. So rare a kind of fame, acquired by public men in these or in any times, merits all the popularity that can be conferred upon it; and no apology need be advanced for giving such a eulogy insertion here. Happy for humanity were it to be inscribed over every palace, official department, and court of justice, throughout modern European governments, in letters of gold:

'Nourrir un peuple entier, de famine expirant,  
 Par les mains de ce peuple embellir cette ville,  
 Rendre le malheur même utile,  
 Enfin par ces vertus faire adorer son rang,  
 De Monthion ce fut l'ouvrage ;  
 Puisse ce monument à jamais respecté  
 Transmettre à la postérité  
 Nos maux et ses bienfaits, sa gloire et notre hommage.'

'To snatch a suffering people from despair,  
 With their own works t' adorn their native sphere ;  
 Turning to use e'en misery's tear ;  
 To make rank loved by wisdom's, virtue's care,  
 Was the good Monthion's glad employ ;  
 And may this monument, dear to our eyes,  
 Teach future times to prize  
 Acts bright as his, and mark our grateful joy.'

The obelisk, however, was subsequently replaced by a public fountain and column, and the same tribute to his virtues was deposited also in a glass case, at the base of the foundation, to perpetuate, as far as may be, the memory of his good deeds.

Hours may be pleasantly spent by the stranger in a town which, somewhat too rarely, contains evidences on every side of the union of talents, courage, and virtue ; and the tourist cannot take leave of Aurillac without entertaining a higher opinion of human nature, and a feeling of mingled approbation and regret.

At a little distance to the left appears Crandelles, formerly known for its society, called *De Chinon* and *Naval Carnerous*, a commercial association, remarkable for the wisdom of its regulations, but which was nearly destroyed in the wars with Spain. It possessed magazines in all the leading towns of the kingdom, and established credits and correspondence with almost the whole of trading Europe.

There is much to interest the eye of the traveller as he passes along the high-road from Clermont to Aurillac ; and more particularly from the village of Royat, where he observes, at a little distance, the baths and mountains of Mont Dore, once so frequently visited by the more illustrious patients of the French capital, and about to be sought at the moment this is written for their healing properties by one of the first ministers and marshals of France. There are few excursions more agreeable, during a

visit to the chief city of Auvergne, than may be made to these spots, abounding as they do with a variety of objects, worthy the attention of the man of science, or of letters, and inferior only in attraction to the grand Puy, which is seen at five or six leagues' distance, looking 'from his throne of clouds' over half his subject regions below.

Upon the same route from Clermont to Aurillac is another branch road, of more recent construction, and approaching it more directly by several leagues, besides opening a second communication between Clermont and Limoges, and uniting with that already formed through Aubusson.

In early times, Aurillac and its dependencies were subjected, like many other towns of Auvergne and Languedoc, to sudden incursions of the same wild bands, called *routiers*, who made their campaigns, and levied contributions, UPON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, like the mightier bandits in whose armies they often served.

Not unfrequently, also, they were engaged by the English kings who invaded France; and under one of them, in 1183, they laid waste the whole Limousin, and extended their inroads as far as Lower Languedoc. In the ensuing year, they passed into the province of Auvergne, where they placed the old abbey of Aurillac under heavy contribution. Raymond, son of Count Raymond V. of Toulouse, and who subsequently became both so celebrated and so unfortunate, putting himself at the head of these fierce *routiers*, attacked the French provinces, under the sway of the kings of England, and materially assisted in restoring the ancient limits of the kingdom.









*Drawn by J. D. Harding*

*Engraved by J. C. Levey*

MONT FERRIER.

*France*







## MONTFERRIER.

MONTFERRIER, with its now time-worn castle and lost dominion, ought not to be passed over in describing times like these. Sharing in fame, as well as in name, with various other towns in the south of France, it did not, perhaps, always rest in the peaceful obscurity which has since shrouded it, even, it would appear, from the view of historians and romancers of different periods. Probably it bore a part in the gallant and chivalrous scenes which threw lustre round names like those of Duguesclin and Gaston de Foix, though, in the present day, it is contemplated, we think, with most pleasure, from the very circumstance of knowing nothing distinctly respecting incidents and events, which may once have conferred a different kind of interest upon the spot. There are, indeed, no features in the landscape which we feel impelled to wish were inspired by the bold visions of history, or the wilder ones of tradition; the free, open scenery spreads healthily before us, and we are content to gaze and wander with no higher sensations of delight, than are inspired by a prospect of great beauty, extent, and variety. The balmy air, which makes the orange-groves bloom at Montpellier, diffuses its fragrant influence over the hills of Montferrier, around which other antique castles, rural seats, and hamlets, serve to embellish its territory, while they tend to recall the memory of days long passed away.





## PONT BENEZÉ AND VILLENUEVE,

FROM AVIGNON.

‘Such were those prime of days ;  
But now those white unblemished manners, whence  
The fabling poets took the golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times.’

THOMSON.

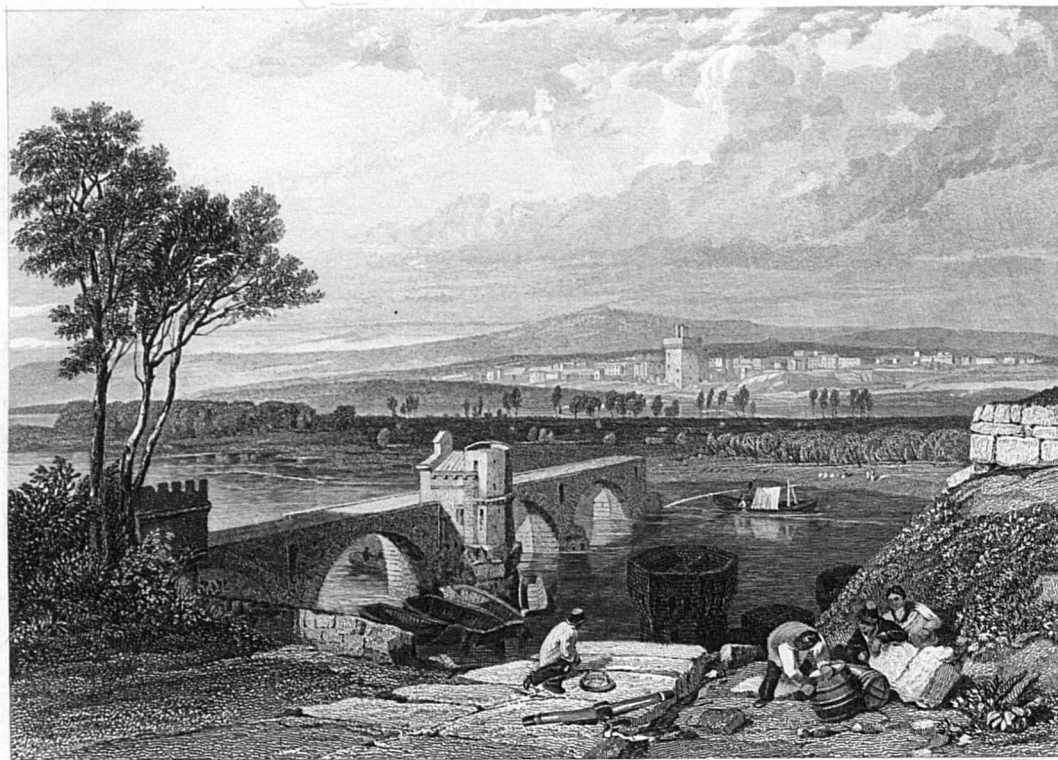
IN the landscape before us—rich, varied, and romantic as it is—the eye embraces only a segment of a vast and beautiful amphitheatric view. The spot whence it was taken is called the capitol, consisting of a high rock, which commands a wide-spread prospect over the plains, besides a general view of the town of Avignon. Far beyond, it appears skirted by mountains, stretching an immense distance, including that of the celebrated mountain of Ventoux. From the same point, likewise, the spectator beholds, on their rushing career, the waters of the blue, arrowy Rhone, pursuing its many-winding and rapid course through the richly cultivated country which it laves and beautifies. The bridge, which is here seen, formerly connected the town of Avignon with that of Villeneuve, which appears, also, in the distance, giving to the whole landscape a full and picturesque effect.

Nor is it only in combinations of natural scenery that this romantic portion of Southern France arrests the eye of the traveller. In the days of the early monarchy, amid the feudal and chivalrous exploits of the middle ages—in the tented field, or presiding in the festive hall, listening to the pilgrim’s tale, or the song of the troubadour—the lords of Villeneuve made themselves loved by their retainers and dreaded by their enemies.









*Drawn by J. H. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. H. Bernet.*

PONT BENEZE, AND VILLENEUVE.

*France*



Their names have been alike celebrated in the strains of the wandering minstrel, and in the historic annals of their country.

The point from which the accompanying picturesque and romantic view of Villeneuve appears to have been taken is the Bridge of Boats, which affords a communication between this place and the town of Avignon. The most remarkable and interesting features it displays are the tower and castle, which, connected as they are with the associations of bygone ages, cannot fail to claim attention, and excite feelings of mingled pride and regret in the mind of the traveller. The castle, more especially, occupying a high commanding site, bade defiance to its boldest adversaries, poured back the tide of battle, and sent forth its plumed, feudal chivalry into the tented field, under its favourite leaders of the far-famed name of Villeneuve. The village, or rather town, is one of considerable extent; it possesses noble streets; and in its more antique portion, a number of interesting objects, among which may be mentioned the imposing appearance of its Gothic churches.

Francis I., when preparing to hold an interview with his great rival, Charles, who had repaired to Villefranche, took up his residence in the little village of Villeneuve. They arrived at the respective places which they had appointed, within a few days of each other. The preliminary arrangements had been made by the pope, Paul III., with the view of inducing these two powerful monarchs finally to adjust their rankling and long-continued differences. It was only at the special intercession of the common father of Christendom that they had been brought to listen to this plan of terminating a political struggle, carried on with all the acrimony of personal rivalry, and which had drawn down the most fearful calamities, no less upon the Italians than on their respective people.

Accordingly, somewhat more propitiated, Charles landing without his guards, was introduced to his rival, whom he had last seen—his prisoner; and he now dined with him, *tête-à-tête*, in his tent. Upon the following day, Francis, considering that he was bound to return so great a mark of confidence, went, unattended, on board the imperial galley, where he was met with

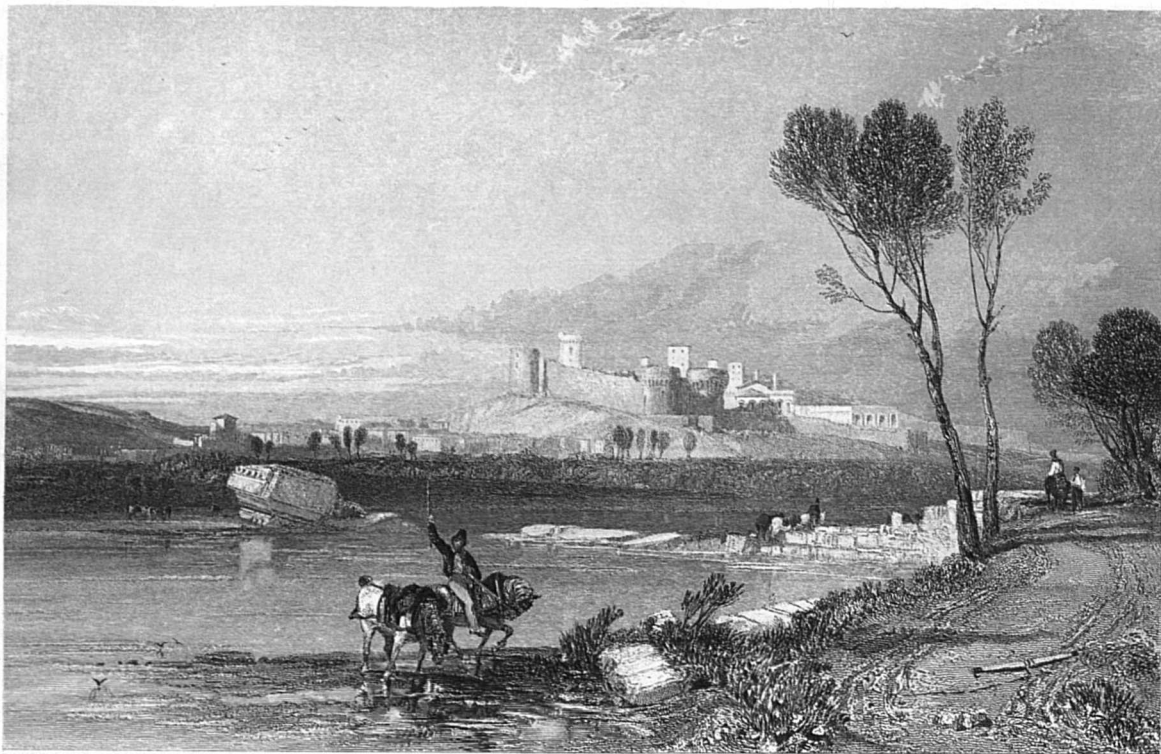
the utmost apparent cordiality by Charles. They embraced, and vied with each other in expressions of regard and esteem, inso-much that it was observed they looked like men determined to bury all recollection of former animosities. The truth is, that the Emperor, of a far more profound and subtle character than his enemy, had considered that it was extremely probable he might soon want to have a free passage through the King's dominions, in order to inflict vengeance upon the refractory Netherlands.

It was on returning from this interview that Francis, who had an eye for the study of nature, as well as of the arts of which he was so liberal a patron, gratified himself by making observations upon objects of natural history which he met with on his route. He also made an excursion into Dauphiny, a part of the kingdom which abounds with so many interesting productions to engage the attention of the man of science as well as of the traveller. After visiting some of the most picturesque and romantic scenes, Francis ordered a boat to be constructed, for the purpose of exploring a subterranean lake, which was discovered near a village, called *Notre Dame de la Bauline*, on the road from Grenoble to Lyons. In this he is said to have proceeded a considerable distance upon the waters, underground; and it was only when he found that the stream began to grow more rapid, accompanied by a noise, resembling that of a fierce whirlpool, not far from them, that the King, urged by his guides, was led to desist from farther prosecuting his researches, and was reconducted to the entrance of the cavern.

The ten years' truce between the rival potentates was scarcely of two years' duration. Charles continued to evade the cession of the sovereignty of the Milanese to the Duke of Orleans; and to this cause of rupture was added the assassination, under circumstances the most horrible and revolting, of the two ambassadors of Francis, when journeying to the Venetian Republic, by the Marquis del Guasto. It is asserted, upon indisputable authority, that the Emperor, if he did not actually command, connived at the foul transaction; and the extreme indignation of the French king, and his immediate appeal to arms, further strengthen







*Drawn by J. D. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. Cousin.*

CHATEAU DE VILLENEUVE.

*France.*





the charge, from which writers have in vain attempted wholly to clear the Emperor's character. The particulars relating to the affair are extremely singular. Cæsar Fregose, a noble Genoese, was appointed by Francis his ambassador to the Republic of Venice; and a gentleman of the King's bedchamber, Antoine Rincon, was sent in the same official capacity to the Porte. Rincon being a man remarkable for his extreme corpulency, and unable to bear the fatigue of a long-continued journey upon horseback over the whole of Piedmont and the Milanese, the two ministers agreed to embark together upon the Po. Langei, who then commanded the French forces in Piedmont, having made particular inquiries as to the plot, received information that Guasto had actually stationed different bands of assassins along the course of the Po, and most of the principal rivers in Lombardy; and he instantly sent notice to the ambassadors of their extreme danger. But treating the matter as a mere trick to deter them from pursuing the interests of their royal master, and adhering to their original plan, they set out on their expedition.

Langei, having obtained still stronger assurances of their impending fate, sent a special messenger to conjure them to return. But they only consented to send back their credentials and despatches, which the French commander undertook should be delivered safely to them should they live to reach Venice. With a view of proceeding with greater expedition, the two ambassadors rowed all night, and had soon passed Casal. The next day, on arriving within a small distance from the spot where the Tesino falls into the Po, they congratulated each other, and began to amuse themselves with jesting upon the false alarm which had taken possession of their good friend the commander; but at that very moment, as appeared from the evidence of an attendant, who escaped the assassins, they were suddenly attacked by two boats filled with armed men. With sword in hand, after a brave defence against superior numbers, both Rincon and Fregose were cruelly massacred.

It was upon this that Francis founded his complaints to the Diet of the Empire, as well as to the different European courts—accusing the Emperor of having violated all the laws of nations,

in thus causing to be put to death, not only innocent, but privileged and accredited men.

In the varied and beautiful view of the castle of Villeneuve opposite, presenting the no less striking feature of the rapid and magnificent river, not unaptly termed, from the force of its current, 'the arrowy Rhone,' pouring its stream below, we behold, perhaps, one of the most characteristic and national scenes to be met with in the south of France. Here again, too, we perceive a part of the stone bridge called Pont Benezé, which has frequently been destroyed, like many others in wood or stone; and it is from this point, as we have observed, that the castle, with the surrounding scenery, appears under the most romantic aspect.

Another picturesque view of the same spot is one of the streets of Villeneuve, as it is exhibited in the vignette, in which we see the character of the scene, such as it appears from the banks of the Rhone, with the bridge of boats in the distance. This bridge, indeed, is the only one which, at the present period, is found to be passable, as that of wood, which had been constructed some way farther up the river, has been very considerably injured, if not rendered unsafe, by the violence and rapidity of the stream. In addition to its other attractions, the peculiar style of the edifices, the costume and grouping of the figures, and the whole air and aspect of the place, must always appear interesting in the eye of an English tourist.

The last part of our remark will apply in a more striking manner to the ladies of Villeneuve; the women here having been long celebrated for their beauty, which is of a kind singularly resembling the Madonnas of Raphael, insomuch that one might almost imagine he had sometime resorted hither, and been one among those Italians who assisted in giving not only to the towns, but to their inhabitants, that Italian-like air and colouring of which we are not unfrequently reminded in the south of France.

In this delicious region, the fair of Beaucaire formerly offered a point of attraction to the travellers of every country. It presented a continued jubilee during many days, and from its varied

character displayed a living picture of French customs and manners in the 14th century. Nobles and castellans, followed by their huntsmen and falconers, left their lordly mansions to mingle in the festivities of the scene. Troubadours and knights were there abundant, it was not unaptly observed, as the rabbits in a warren. Minstrels, jongleurs, doctors, dancers on the rope, etc., formed part also of the general assembly. Empirics and emperors, apothecaries and barbers, were ready at hand to avail themselves of cases real or imaginary ; and notaries as well, to put the seal to all manner of contracts and bargains. Then the order of the *belles femmes*, or fair dames, instituted at Marseilles with the laudable view of bringing under discipline the stray daughters of frailty, regulated the female community, and with a sort of papal authority issued their bulls, of which one was to the effect that the said ladies were only permitted to be present on the express condition of consenting to wear veils twice as long as those worn by the more dignified classes.

Merchandise of the most costly description met the eye, and the richest perfumery and incense, in which princes only could venture to traffic, for the purpose of making presents to each other. On approaching the scene, a crowd had just gathered round a man who had the temerity, without any ailment, to swallow a spoonful of brandy, no ordinary feat at that time of day ; and everybody said he would die, because the art of distilling it, then made use of only in medicine, had just been discovered by Arnaud de Villeneuve, who for his ingenuity had been driven out of Montpellier as a heretic and a magician.

The evening of each day was given to dances in the meadow of La Madelaine. There were numerous divisions, such as the dances of Aix, the dances of Catalonia, the dances of Avignon, and many others, so arranged, that every province was sure to meet with its own familiar figures. There the daughters of Montpellier, with their full, tender eyes, and smiles, and voices so full of love, danced the *treilles* and *lore-chivalet*, the joyous, animated movements of which agitated the beholder, no less than the tresses of their fine raven hair ; there, too, the Marseillais exhibited the *farandulo* ; and there the natives of the Gapençois danced the

*bacchu-ber*, which displays twelve kinds of figures, while they repeated the burden of ancient songs.\*

In 1174, Beaucaire became the theatre of one of the noblest tournaments, given by a king of England, to celebrate the reconciliation of the Count of Toulouse with the King of Aragon ; and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, held there his plenary court. The luxury and magnificence exhibited upon such occasions are almost inconceivable ; the seigneurs of the castles may be said to have held purses of largesse and profusion, as well as schools of war and chivalry.

The Count d'Agoult having received a hundred thousand gold crowns from the Count of Toulouse, divided them between ten thousand knights, who jousted valiantly in the meadow of the *tournois* ; the Sire of Simcaire caused the lists of the *pas d'armes* to be ploughed up with twelve pairs of white bulls, and then sowed the earth with thirty thousand gold pieces. At a loss how to account for this rare instance of prodigality, some declared it was to ennoble the soil, which was to be trodden by the sons of the brave ; others, that it was to show his contempt for riches, and to cause the *damnable* metal to re-enter the bowels of the earth, from which it ought never to have been dug up. Some again ventured to hope it was from the more amiable motive of indemnifying the peasants, whose fields and harvest had been sacrificed to the expected sports. Still there was no reasonable way of explaining so singular a kind of prodigality ; and yet less so that of William de Martelle, accompanied by four hundred knights, who gave command that the whole of the provisions to be served up to his table, for so numerous a company, should be dressed by the odoriferous fire of pure wax-lights.

After the fair, Luquin de Clavaro conducted his guests to the castle of Beaucaire. That lofty pile, seated upon a solid rock, had beheld the most intrepid of its enemies turn pale as they advanced to the assault. They admired those ancient red towers, cased with six depths of wall, and cut out into diamond points. It was into that grand hall the ladies of the surrounding

\* This singular dance is still practised on occasions of social hilarity at Pont de Servièrè.







Engraved by J. H. B. H. H. H.

Engraved by J. H. B. H. H. H.

VILLENEUVE.  
*From the Rhone—France.*





provinces had once carried their jewels and golden ornaments of every kind, to aid in the ransom of good King John. From the ramparts of the castle are seen, stretching far into the distance, the lovely plains of Languedoc and of Provence; the Rhone, with its little woody isles; the banks of the Gardon and the Durance, covered with trees and flowers; the Pont du Gard, and the triple spans of its superb arches; the towers and spires of Avignon, of Nismes, of Arles, and Tarascon; the lakes of Volcares and of Berre; the Dauphiny mountains, with a thousand other spots, rendered attractive by poetry, by glory, or by love. In the background of these magnificent landscapes, the sea seems to unite earth and sky by those luminous deepenings, and blue misty horizons, which give repose to the eye. On one side lie the triumphal arch and the Roman mausoleum, which adorn the exterior of the little town of St. Remi, where tradition tells us that the troubadour Pierre ran distracted, because his parents and those of Antoinette de la Suze were opposed to their children's union. Beyond lies the wood where another troubadour, Pierre de Châteauneuf, having been set upon by robbers, who were about to despatch him, bethought himself of singing them certain verses, which he had addressed to the fair Sanche de Porcelets; and such was the effect they produced upon the robbers, that they not only spared his life, but restored his money, his steed, and his arms. Near this spot, too, is seen the castle of Romanil, where, during the season of roses, were held the most celebrated of those courts of love which threw new lustre and attractions round Provence. Not far off appeared the manors of Orgon, of Roquemartine, of Vernègues, and numerous others, immortalized by the amorous lyre of the votaries of the *gai savoir*, but of which, now, scarcely the ruins of those lofty battlements and towers can be discerned whence the horn once summoned to the field, or to the feast, the chivalrous and the fair.





## ORANGE.

‘That from the mountain’s side  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires.’

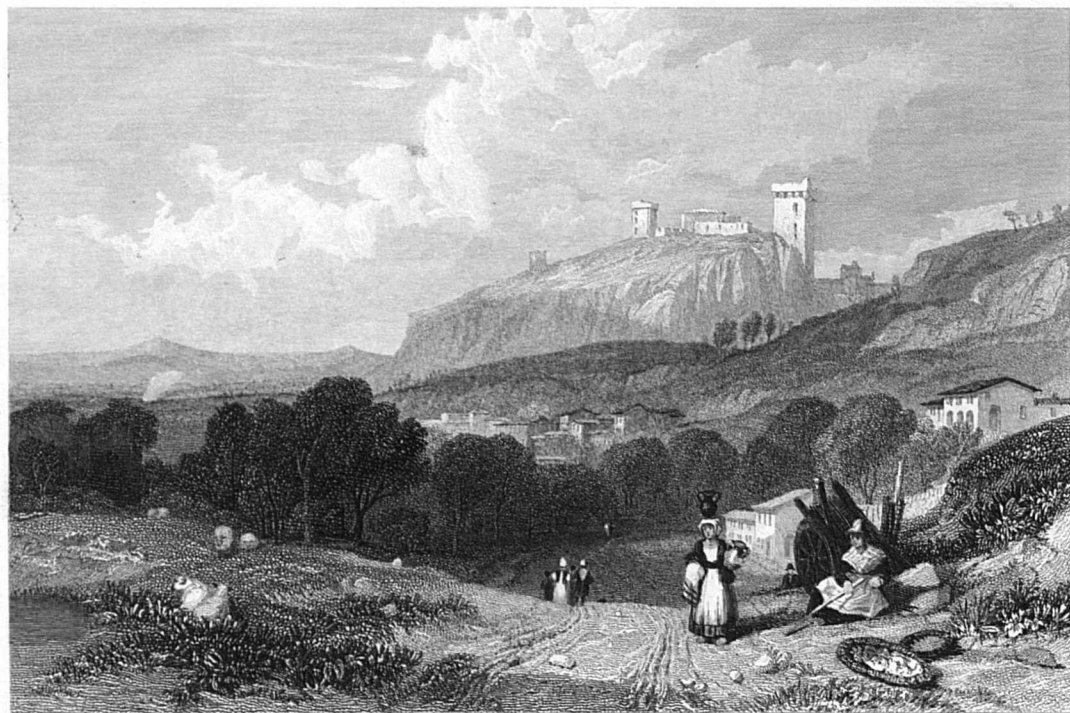
COLLINS.

JOURNEYING through the romantic districts of Vaucluse and the Bouches-du-Rhone, and the vicinity of the old Roman towns of Apt, Carpentras, Vaison, and Valreas—the last of them laid in ruins by the ferocity of religious warfare—the tourist beholds the singular little town of Orange. Its origin is obscure, and its history does not stand sufficiently prominent to reward traditional research, although its claim to antiquity rests on the too clear evidence of the ravages committed in turn by the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Calvinists, from the period of the expulsion of the Romans. That extraordinary people—even more celebrated as colonists than as conquerors—had raised it into a considerable town, and numerous traces of their footsteps are yet imprinted on its soil.

Nowhere, however, does their master-spirit appear more characteristically impressed, than on the triumphal arch, about 500 yards to the north of Orange, which was erected in commemoration of the victory of Marius over the Cimbrians. In its sculptural relics is to be seen, among other *bas-reliefs*, an aged woman, represented in the curious act of putting her finger in her ear. It is, doubtless, meant to mark the character of the sorceress whom Marius is described as having been in the habit of invariably consulting before he marched to battle, from the moment when she first predicted to him who, among the gladiators







*Drawn by J. A. Harding.*

*Engraved by J. T. H. Moore.*

CHATEAU DE MONAS, NEAR ORANGE.

*France.*



entering the arena, as he sat in the amphitheatre, would prove the victors or the vanquished.

Orange, in the earlier days of its prosperity, is said to have possessed its temples and its baths; but there is now little else of its magnificence to be traced than the ruins of a noble aqueduct, which, to judge from its dimensions, conveyed the water, plentiful as a river, into the place.

From such historical accounts as we have been enabled to collect of it, in the feudal epochs, this town seems to have borne a mournful, if not an important, part in the political and religious drama witnessed by Europe during the middle ages, and in which the princes of Orange, the counts of Provence, and the popes, are said to have principally figured.

On another side of the vicinity of Orange, after crossing the Durance, the tourist reaches the little village of Noves, celebrated as the birth-place of Laura, and, farther on, the more important town of Aix, Orgon, St. Remi, of which last place the renowned impostor, Nostradamus, was a native; with Tarascon and Arles, both so distinguished in elder times.

The neighbourhood is, moreover, rendered interesting by the appearance of several old castles, situated on the summits of the rocky heights which command their respective towns, and of which the château of Monas, and that of Tarascon, are the most remarkable. They are most frequently found with little picturesque villages lying at their base, surrounded with foliage, consisting mostly of walnut-trees and poplars.

Under the hills, in the distance, flows the Rhone, affording a prospect singularly picturesque and beautiful, when viewed from the site of the lonely and romantically situated castle. Not far distant, also, are seen the restless waters of la Durance, famed in old time, and mentioned by Livy as being the least navigable of Gallic rivers, by reason of the loose rocks and stones borne along with its rapid flow, and the fresh gulfs and embankments it is continually forming.

But it is time we should resume the thread of our narrative respecting the progress and the persecutions of the Protestants, who first promulgated their opinions in the central and southern

provinces, from Nismes and Lyons to the gates of Aix and Marseilles, and the region of the Alps.

Notwithstanding all the attempts of the persecutors, Protestantism continued to make rapid strides through the kingdom; and, in 1555, a reformed church was established at Paris. This event was beheld by the clergy with unconcealed rage; and the abuse which they poured out in plentiful torrents upon the new assembly gives too clear an evidence of the corrupt spirit by which they were instigated. The baseness of the scandal which they urged against the Protestants could only be equalled by the ignorance and total absence of all Christian charity which characterised those who employed it; and our abhorrence is scarcely more excited by their cruelty, than it is by their gross and disgusting falsehoods.

Persecuted for their faith, and accused at the same time of every species of vice of which man can be guilty, the Protestants were obliged to use the utmost caution in their meetings, and to assemble first at one house and then at another; but in the month of May, 1557, a congregation of not less than four hundred persons, among whom were several ladies of quality, met at a house in the Rue St. Jacques, opposite the college of Plessis, to celebrate the Communion; and either their number or the object of their assembling exciting more than ordinary attention, a large body of the populace proceeded to the house in which they were met, and having surrounded it on all sides, impatiently awaited the termination of the service.

The Protestants, in the meantime, continued their devotions, unsuspecting of the danger into which they had fallen, and the night being far advanced before the Communion was ended, they prepared to return home, without any idea of molestation. But scarcely had the foremost to depart shown themselves at the door, when a loud murmur and then terrific howlings were heard from the dense crowds in the street. The alarmed Protestants ran instinctively to examine every outlet from the building, but not a corner was left unguarded. Assuming courage from despair, they next resolved to trust to the darkness of the night, and attempt to make their way through the crowd; but their con-



sternation was redoubled on their discovering that all the neighbouring houses were lit up, that their pursuers might have the opportunity of securing them without trouble. In this situation, some of the boldest drew their swords, and, rushing into the street, forced their way through the rabble, and others escaped in the confusion with which the attack was attended; but more than half the congregation were made prisoners, and, after having been exposed to the insults of the mob, were thrown into confinement.

This affair threatened the most distressing consequences to the Protestant families of Paris, and had it not been that Henry feared at this time to do anything which might offend the German princes with whom he was in alliance, the greater number of the two hundred captives would most likely have perished by the hand of the executioner. But as it was, only five fell victims to the vindictive spirit of the persecutors; and it was reserved for the year 1558 to see the worst blow inflicted on Protestantism in France that it had yet received. The Duke of Guise having in that year taken the town of Calais, so long held by the English, the Cardinal of Lorraine, his brother, had sufficient influence with the King to persuade him that the most useful, and at the same time the most devout measure by which that prosperous event could be followed, was the establishment of the Inquisition.

Henry, unfortunately, was too ready to listen to such instigations; and at a meeting of the Parliament, an edict was published by which the Cardinal of Lorraine and the cardinals Bourbon and Chatillon were constituted the three grand inquisitors of the kingdom. The powers with which these personages were invested rendered them the supreme dictators of men's consciences; they might imprison or put to death whomsoever they suspected of holding opinions contrary to their own, and the authority which they exercised themselves they were permitted to entrust to delegates. When this event took place, the Protestants were increased to a formidable body, and ranked in their numbers many of the most influential persons of the kingdom. The Parliament was strongly suspected of being

infected also with the leaven—a circumstance to be expected, when it is considered that it was the only support of freedom which France then enjoyed, and that, though weak and imperfect in its constitution, it would naturally be favourable to a religion so calculated to aid the cause of liberty as Protestantism. At the same time, the King and Queen of Navarre became more decided in their attachment to the cause, and no longer hesitated to appear at the public meetings which were held on the promenade of the *Pré aux Clercs*. The possession of that place for the holding of their assemblies had cost the Protestants some perilous struggles, but succeeding in their object, they met there to the amount of between three and four thousand persons; and Paris beheld with astonishment this numerous assembly performing the rites of their simple worship, and uniting with a deep enthusiasm, that surpassed anything of the kind before witnessed in France, in singing the psalms of Marot, the King and Queen of Navarre leading the immense choir.

It was with the greatest apprehension these scenes were contemplated by the Cardinal of Lorraine and his party. Notwithstanding their trust in the general fidelity of the people, they dreaded the effects which the devotion of the Protestants might produce on the public mind, so easily overset in its most confirmed principles by the sudden appeals of enthusiasm; and this fear was farther increased when, on calling upon the Parliament to consider the means of putting down the spirit of reform by force, they were met with evident coldness and indifference.

On the 15th of June, 1559, the King went to the Parliament, which was then holding its sittings in the Augustine monastery. He took with him the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Duke of Guise, and several other noblemen, it being his intention to hold a seat of justice without any announcement having been previously given, and thus take the disaffected in a snare, as the Cardinal of Lorraine had advised.

No national assembly ever sat, perhaps, under stranger circumstances than the Parliament of Paris on the present occasion. A king purposely going to the supreme council of the nation to

discover which of its members he might flatter into condemning themselves was a novel sight ; and though the assembly exhibited signs of surprise and even of fear at the unexpected visit of the monarch, the affable and cordial manner in which he addressed them did not suffer them, after the first sensation of surprise was past, to entertain any strong feeling of alarm. Such of the members, consequently, as were averse to persecution, as persecution, and independent of doctrinal considerations, expressed themselves with undisguised warmth on the combined cruelty and impolicy of inflicting condign punishment for difference of religious opinion. Among these were the presidents De Thou, Harlai, and Seguier ; but they were far exceeded in warmth and freedom of expression by others, one of whom, Louis Taur, applied the words of Elias when addressing Ahab to the Cardinal of Lorraine in too evident a manner to be mistaken ; while another, alluding to the licentious life led by the King and his courtiers, observed, ‘ Whilst men are dragged to the scaffold, whose only fault it is that they pray for the King, a license of the most infamous kind allows and encourages every species of vice and blasphemy to increase unmolested.’

But while the members who were in favour of Protestantism thus addressed the angry sovereign, the rest endeavoured, while they flattered him with adulation, to show their zeal for the faith, by urging him to pursue the heretics with unrelenting rage ; one of them reminding him of the glorious actions of Philip Augustus, who, he remarked, put six hundred of them to death in one day. Henry showed himself well inclined to follow this advice. The most obnoxious of the councillors were seized before the assembly was dispersed, and the Protestants awaited with anxiety the issue of these proceedings ; but in less than a month after the sitting of the Parliament, the King died of a wound which he received while jousting in the tournament held in honour of his daughter’s marriage.



## LYONS.

'Low as we are, we blend our fate  
With things so beautifully great ;  
And though oppress'd with heaviest grief,  
From nature's bliss we draw relief,  
Assured that God's most gracious eye  
Beholds us in our misery.'

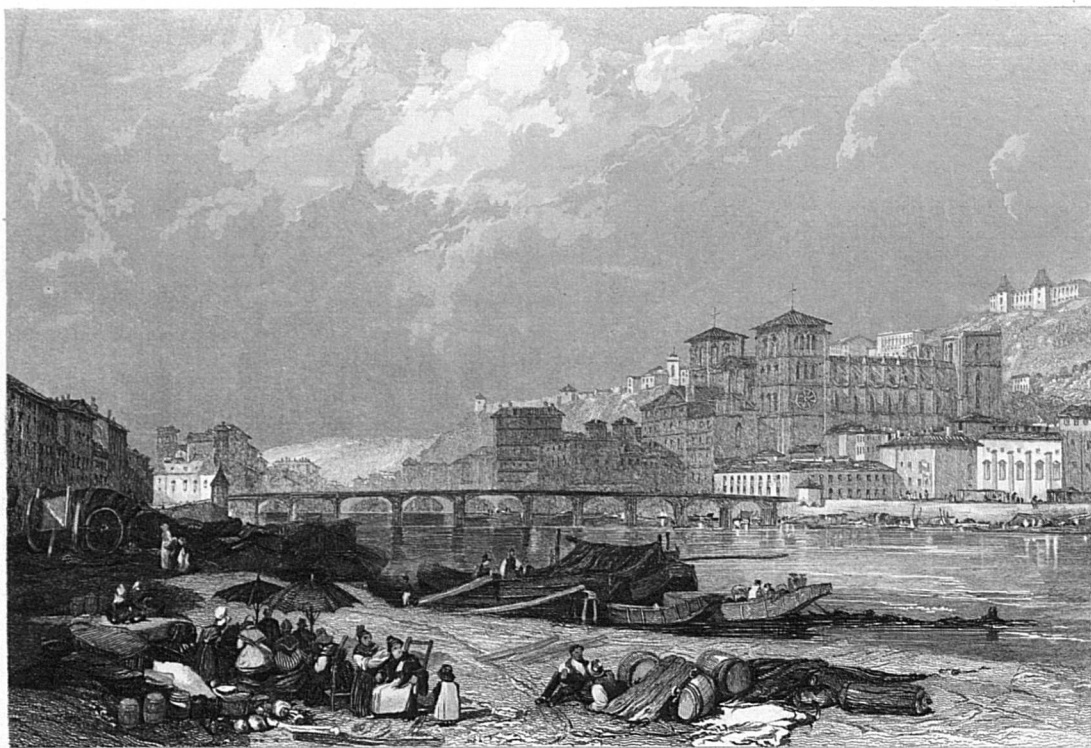
WILSON.

NOTHING can exceed in beauty and variety of aspect the scenery through which the tourist passes in approaching this ancient city—once the centre of the Roman conquests in the north. Green plains and sunny hills, clothed with the purple vine—towns, castles, and convents, stretching in the distance—the village spires glittering through the stately trees ; villas, hamlets, and farms—with the picturesque region of Mont d'Or—its sloping hills, and its antique-looking dwellings, mark his progress from the French capital through the more fertile and luxuriant districts conducting him towards the land of the south. Far along the horizon he beholds the distant mountains of Switzerland, extending in a dim blue, undulating line. Savoy may be just discerned, its lofty hills losing themselves in the clouds ; and at times, even the vision of the mightier Mont Blanc, dim and vast, unfolds itself to the astonished view.

The ascent of Mont d'Or presents him with fresh objects ; and splendid prospects open before him from its summit. On the west stretches the wild and mountain region of Auvergne ; far to the south it is bounded by the great chain of mountains, marking the limits of its glowing plains ; while to the north appears the rich valley of the Saône, and the uplands round Autun.







*Drawn by J. D. Harting.*

*Engraved by W. R. Smith.*

LYONS, — FROM THE QUAY.

*France.*

THE LONDON AND WEST OF ENGLAND RAILWAY CO. 1844.





The view of the river is lost in the valley, by its picturesque sweep round the foot of Mont d'Or, the valley itself extending through a distance of fifty miles ; and it is not till the tourist beholds it as he descends a precipitous hill, proceeding over several lesser hills and slopes, embellished with splendid villas of white stone, clustered round with gardens and orchard grounds, that he gains the vicinity of Lyons.

A bold turn of the river then brings him upon the deep, rocky channel on which the city is placed ; and hence, through a succession of increasing villas and gardens, he arrives on a level with the Saône. It is only here that he first obtains a view of Lyons, no less distinguished for its manufacturing and commercial spirit in modern days, than for the scenes it has witnessed in other times, from religious and revolutionary persecutions.

The general view of Lyons and its cathedral, with one of its many noble bridges, as represented in the plate, was taken from the quay, which offers a scene of animation and activity which has no parallel in any other part of France. The quay of St. Clair is perhaps one of the finest in Europe ; it is the favourite resort of strangers ; and in respect to its bustling commerce, resembles the *Chaussée d'Antin*, situated at the foot of Montmartre, as well in its being similarly constructed, at the foot of the mountain of Croix-Rousse. It is also frequented as a promenade by people of all ranks ; and, in short, has been termed the *Boulevard Italien* of Lyons. Another striking feature of the landscape is the superb stone bridge over the Saône, recently constructed near the archiepiscopal palace, and called the Pont de Tilsitt.

As regards its ancient character, Lyons was founded forty-two years before the Christian era ; and, as is attested from remains of various kinds, upon the acclivity of the hills. It is recorded that in the year 145 it was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by a grant from the Emperor Nero. Near the site of the Forum of Trajan were found masses of melted metal, marbles, and other relics, which seem to confirm the disaster, as it has been touchingly described by Seneca. The bronze tablets, inscribed with the harangue of Claudius before he became emperor, soliciting the senate to bestow on his native city the title of a Roman colony,

were found near the same spot. Old Lyons was also distinguished as the birth-place of Germanicus, Caracalla, and Marcus Aurelius.

The immediate entrance into the modern city conveys no adequate idea, in the eye of the stranger, of the superior character of many of its edifices and of its commercial wealth and influence. The road into it, which has been formed by the passage of a river, resembles a quarry rather than a street; and the depth of the passage appears greater than it is, by the broad shadow of the rocks which rise high above upon either side. It continues through a street of houses six or seven stories high, and built against the solid rock. After proceeding some way along this gloomy approach, the river lying deep in the channel below him, the traveller reaches a gate, where he is asked for his passport; and it is thence he beholds with singular advantage the numerous bridges of the place, and the opposite banks of the Saône. Here also the channel of the river expands, and the town, with some of its nobler edifices, breaks upon the view. At length, as he reaches the prison and courts of justice, the continual gloom begins to disappear; and just beyond, he beholds the grand cathedral of St. John—an antique edifice, of which the people are justly proud. Among other curiosities, it is remarkable for possessing a clock of most singular and complicated workmanship. It indicates not only the course of the sun, the moon's phases, years, months, days, hours, minutes, and seconds, but all the saints' days in the calendar. It was constructed early in the 17th century, by Nicholas Lippius of Basle, who also made that at Strasburg. The influence and celebrity of the chapter of Lyons were, at one period, such that its dignitaries bore the title of counts of Lyons; the king of France ranking as the first count.

The splendid new bridge of Tilsitt, already alluded to, with its elegant and noble arches, stretches across the river, abutting in a fine square, called *La Place du Belle Cour*, one of the finest portions of the city. Crossing Pont St. Vincent, you behold opposite the cathedral, on the low side of the Saône, the church D'Ainey, an object of curiosity, as forming part of the old town.

It was built on the ruins of an ancient temple, dedicated by the people to Augustus ; there are numerous inscriptions ; and in the front is a lofty tower, in the oldest Gothic order, with ranges of little columns one above the other.

To judge from two granite columns made use of in the church, the temple appears to have been of immense dimensions. But some of the noblest parts of this extraordinary city lie beyond the bridge ; and there the great square opens to view, beautifully adorned with trees, and wearing an antique, cloistered aspect.

Here are situated the governor's residence, the post-office, and other official houses. The *Placé des Taureaux*, with the *Hôtel de Ville*, an edifice designed by Mansard, ranks next perhaps in point of importance. The *Hôtel Dieu*, founded above 1200 years ago by Childebert, was considered one of the most admirable, as well as magnificent, hospitals in Europe. It is of enormous extent, and built in the form of a Greek Cross. To these we may add the academy of science, and other public institutions, which evince the liberality and spirit of the inhabitants of Lyons, not less than the banking-houses and the manufactories their wealth and influence.





## CHATEAULIN, IN BRITTANY.

FRANCE.

'Years passed on, and each one threw  
O'er those walls a deeper hue.'

THIS sequestered spot seems to live for itself alone. It is picturesquely seated on the banks of the river Auzon, and approachable by small vessels, whose visits, during the season of the salmon-fishery, afford the peaceful occupants their principal proof that there is a busy and a bustling world elsewhere. A little traffic in corn and hemp, with a limited export of tolerable slates, constitute the only sources of activity or gain. The streets are few and narrow, the houses gloomy, but picturesque in character; the projecting cornice throws a deep shadow down the whitened front, and the tall gable obstructs some of the most valuable rays of light as you turn from one avenue to another. The position of Chateaulin is still advantageous; and nature has furnished the adjacent district with treasures of sufficient value to compensate those who have energy to raise them from their deep recesses.









*Engraved by Fulford*

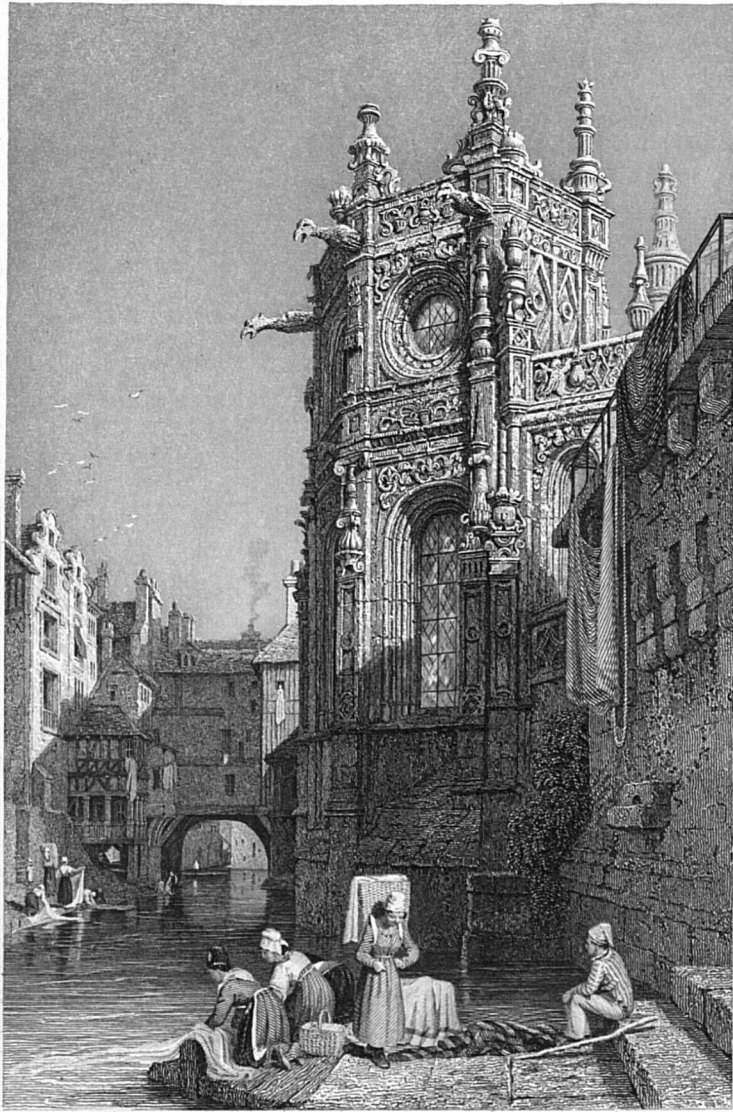
CHÂTEAULIN IN BRITTANY.

*France*









Drawn by Saml. Prout.

Engraved by Jas. Carter.

CHURCH OF ST PIERRE AT CAEN.







## ROUEN.

ROUEN, a large town in the north of France, the capital of Normandy, is picturesquely situated on the right bank of the Seine. It is a place of considerable antiquity, though its Latin name, *Rothomagos*, is of uncertain derivation. During the time of William the Conqueror it was a town of consequence, and participated severely in the disasters attendant on the contests for Normandy between England and France. In 1418 it stood a siege of five months against Henry V., but was at last obliged to capitulate. It fell definitely into the hands of the French in 1449. The architecture of the town itself presents much that is quaint, grotesque, and striking. The streets, though in general straight, are narrow, which, joined to the height of the houses, gives a gloomy aspect to a large part of the city, especially that quarter of it in which the workmen chiefly dwell. The most agreeable part of the town is that which adjoins the Seine, the quays being spacious and bordered with good houses, while the river and its islands, with the beautiful walk called Cours, extending along the opposite bank, and the neighbouring hill of St. Catherine, form an assemblage of very pleasing objects. The cathedral, Notre-Dame, dates from the early part of the thirteenth century; it was erected on the site of an older structure, built in the time of William the Conqueror, which was entirely destroyed by lightning in 1200; it is considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in France. Gaultier the Magnificent, Archbishop of Rouen, powerfully aided by Jean-Sans-Terre, Duke of Normandy and King of England, undertook to raise the cathedral from its ruins. Pope Innocent encouraged, by his apostolic letters, the clergy and people to contribute to this re-edification. His appeal



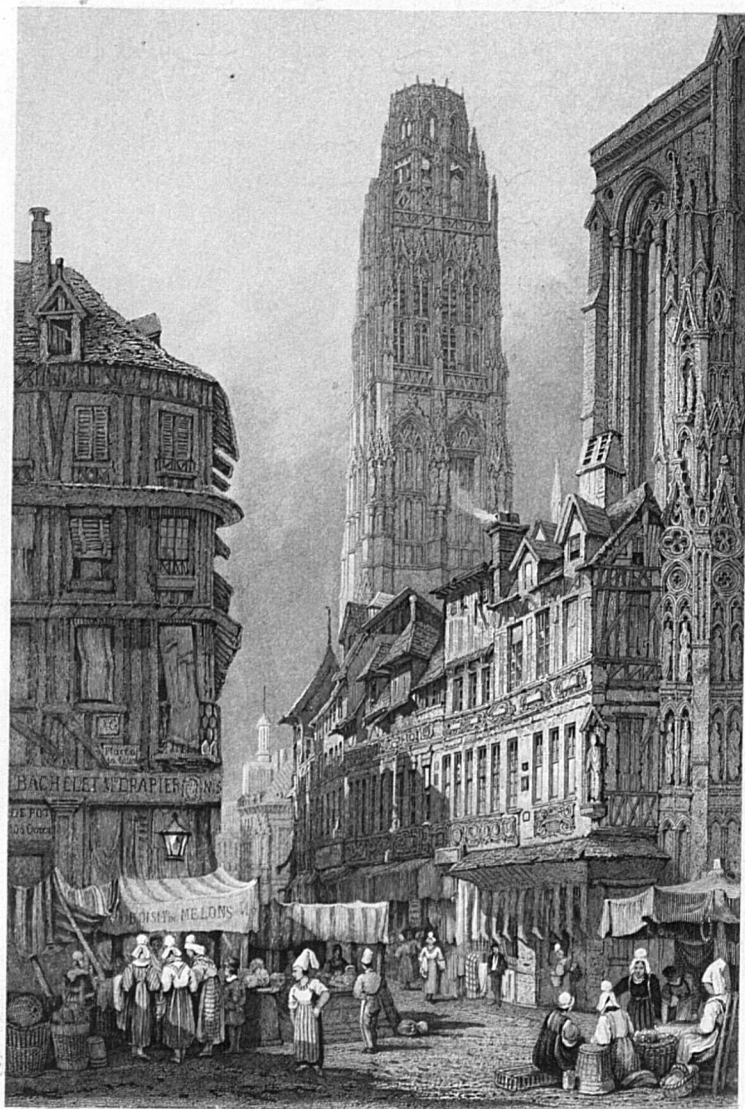
## CHURCH OF SAINT PIERRE, CAEN.

THE edifice of Saint Pierre is one of those monuments of the ancient town of Caen whose uncertain origin is attributed to Saint Regnobert, who preached the gospel to the Saxons in the 7th century ; everything, in fact, leads one to believe that its foundation is as old as the town itself. It was called, at first, Saint Pierre de Darnetal, an expression of the people of the North, which signifies St. Peter of the Valley, and indicates its position on the border of the river at the foot of the declivity on which are built the castle and the town. The church itself scarcely shows signs of such ancient date ; its architecture is of several periods and irregular ; but it presents many very remarkable parts, and deserves to be considered as one of the most beautiful churches of Caen. The tower, built entirely of stone, terminating in a spire, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of boldness and elegance. It was erected in 1308, as well as a portion of the nave and the three fronts, one of which forms the entrance to the central nave ; it stands 220 feet high. The coin or tower, properly speaking, is crowned with a little terrace ornamented with a balustrade and eight very delicately carved turrets ; the spire, constructed of stone of the thickness of four fingers, bound together by iron clamps, is of such solidity that the inclemency of the seasons has not sensibly affected it, and it is remarkable that the flowers which come off the ledge on the angles and the summit are perfectly preserved, notwithstanding their extreme tenuity. The doorway or porch, placed under the tower of which the façade faces the Place de Saint Pierre, was finished and ornamented with statues in 1608. Unskilful workmen repairing them in modern times have









Drawn by Saml Prout.

Engraved by W. Wallis.

ROUEN CATHEDRAL.



deprived them of their primitive character. The western doorway faces the Place du Marché-Neuf; it was not finished until 1384. Its appearance is irregular, but picturesque, and many acts of the life of St. Peter are carved in different groups on the tympan which surmounts the door. These ornaments were in great part destroyed in 1793. The third doorway, or northern porch, on the opposite side of the tower, is small, but very elegant. The carvings on the panels represent many pictures of the Last Judgment, very curious bas-reliefs, which are found with little difference on the principal door of many churches of this period. These are very much damaged, and the door has been walled up. It is certain that the construction of the Church of Saint Pierre was often interrupted, either by public affairs or by want of money, and that in each period a little was added to what already existed, so that until 1519 the works had been but provisional, that at this epoch the extremity of the choir was only closed in by a wall of pebbles, pierced by an immense window which occupied the greatest part of it, and which was entirely destroyed in the same year by a hurricane which caused great destruction in the town. Then it was that steps were taken to realize the project conceived some years previously to terminate this edifice, and for which authorization had been obtained from King Louis XI., who visited Caen in 1473, to take the necessary land on the walls of the city, and also on the river, which washed the foundations.

Hector Soyer, architect, born at Caen, was charged with the plans and direction of the enterprise; he acquitted himself as an accomplished *artiste* and man of genius. The apse of the Church of Saint Pierre is looked upon with reason as a *chef-d'œuvre* of good taste, of elegance and delicacy; it is one of the most curious and perfect pieces which have signalled the revival of the arts; and without doubt there exists in France very little which can be compared to it. It would be difficult to give a complete and satisfactory description of it; the eyes in this case instruct better than words, and our illustration will convey to the mind the extreme beauty of the work. The interior of the chapel is not less magnificent than the exterior; we remark, beside their particular disposition, the multiplicity and variety of the decorations, and

above all, the astounding construction of the arches. The rest of the church presents, as without, the transition of different periods, without other remarkable peculiarities than some fragments of fine stained-glass windows and some very large pieces of sculpture, forming the capitals of two pillars of the nave ; they represent subjects drawn from fables or romances in verse of the time.

The Church of St. Pierre was, for a long time, situated in the midst of a vast cemetery, in which, by degrees, three public places have been formed. The principal one, which is opposite to the southern façade, is called Place de St. Pierre, where the streets of St. Jean, St. Pierre, and Geole meet. This is the place in which the fruit and vegetable markets are held ; formerly, criminals condemned to death had to make penance on this place, before the door of the church, ere going to the scaffold ; and on the evening of the fête of St. Peter it was the custom to light a bonfire in presence of the clergy, the authorities of the town, and a great concourse of people, who, after the ceremony, danced and caroused until late at night. The second, facing the next door, is called the New Market, a name which was given it in 1522, after the old bakehouses and bread market which formerly existed had been pulled down. The third, at the north side of the church, is a small space allotted for the sale of fish. Up to the year 1793, all the chief ceremonies of the Church, as public funerals, etc., were celebrated at the Church of St. Pierre ; but since then such rites have taken place at the old abbey church of St. Etienne, a much larger structure.











